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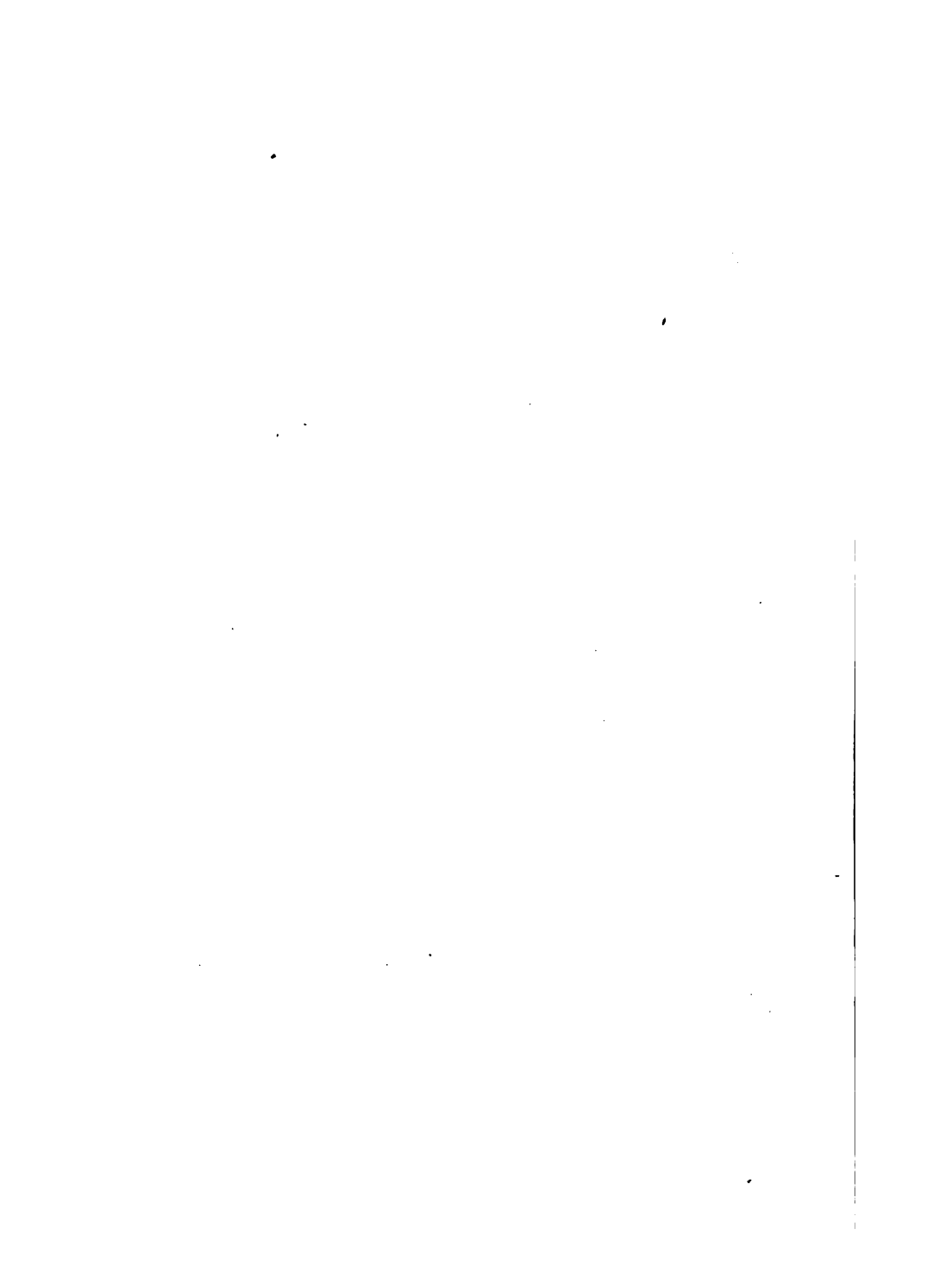
GREAT  
ACHIEVEMENTS  
OF  
MILITARY MEN, STATESMEN  
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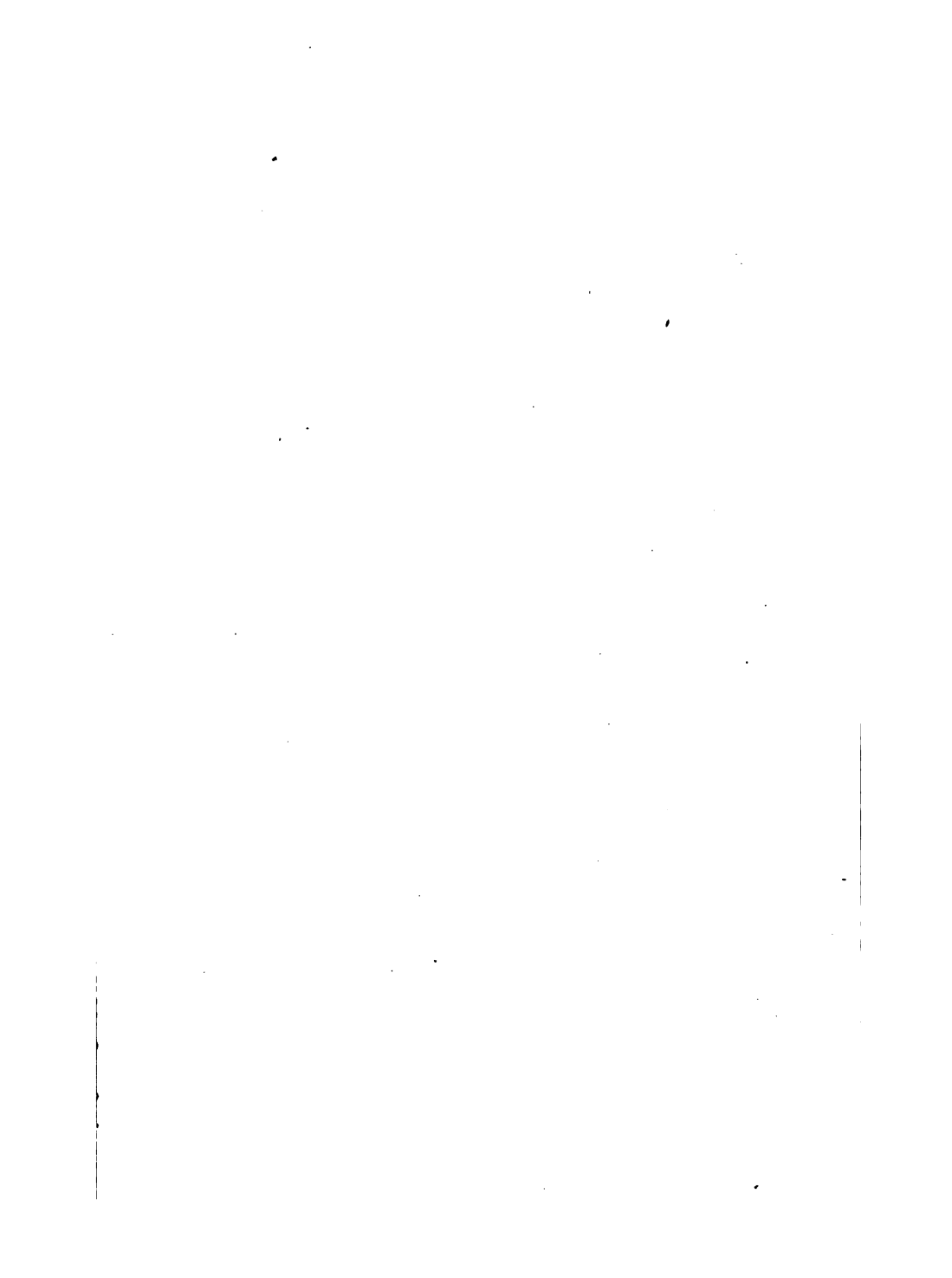




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GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS  
OF  
MILITARY MEN, STATESMEN,  
AND OTHERS.

Selected and Arranged by the Editor of  
'THE ENGLISH ESSAYISTS,' 'THE TREASURY OF BRITISH ELOQUENCE,' 'RISEN BY  
PERSEVERANCE; OR, LIVES OF SELF-MADE MEN,' ETC



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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**I**T is probably allotted to few to achieve great things in an average lifetime; the common duties of every day bounding and filling up the horizon, and giving no opportunity for the performance of any great deeds, or any displays of talent or heroism, which might challenge the admiration of the world. Perhaps the best kind of heroism is that which shows itself in the cheerful and right performance of daily duty, of which the world shall hear little or nothing. Doing right and guiding one's own life wisely and prudently may be considered as no mean performance, and a task in which some of those blessed with great talent and genius have not always succeeded.

It is none the less interesting and important, however, to keep great examples and the heroic deeds of the world's great ones before the mind. These examples have a stimulating and invigorating effect on character. The present examples have been chosen from copyright matter placed in the hands of the Editor, by the Publishers, for the present purpose.



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lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

‘Go back to Warrenne,’ said Wallace, ‘and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on : we defy them to their very beards.’

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge, so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight and put an end to the war at once ; and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van or foremost division of the army ; for in those military days even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. That took place which Sir Richard Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge without offering any opposition ; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned.

The remainder of the English army who were left on the southern bank of the river fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them.

Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it in memory of the vengeance they had taken upon the English treasurer.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem.

Scotland was thus once more free; but in consequence of bad seasons and the disorders of war, it suffered severely from famine. With the view of procuring sustenance to his remaining followers, Wallace marched his army into the north of England; and for upwards of three weeks, the whole of that wide tract of country from Cockermouth and Carlisle to the gates of Newcastle, was wasted with all the fury of revenge, licence, and rapacity.

Wallace now assumed the title of 'Guardian of Scotland, in name of King John (Baliol), and by the consent of the Scottish nation.' That he was virtually so, there can be no doubt; and we ought therefore to be the less scrupulous in inquiring as to the forms which attended his investiture with this high dignity. With the aid and countenance of only one of all the Scottish barons, the lamented Andrew Murray, and supported by the lower orders of Scottish people alone, he had freed his country from English thralldom, and restored it to its ancient independence. A service so great and unexampled gave him a claim to the appellation of Scotland's Guardian, which wanted neither

form nor solemnity to make it as well founded as any title that ever existed.

The barons, who had stood aloof during the struggle for liberty, now began, as before, to intermeddle with the fruits of the conquest so gloriously achieved. Of Wallace they speedily evinced the utmost jealousy. His elevation wounded their pride; his great services were an unceasing reproach to their inactivity in the public cause. Strife and division were again introduced into the Scottish camp, at a time when, more than ever, unanimity was necessary to the establishment of the national independence. Edward had again invaded Scotland with a powerful army, and Wallace had a second time to risk a general battle for Scottish freedom. In the neighbourhood of Falkirk the hostile armies met. Wallace had now around him a Cumming, a Stewart, a Graham, a Macduff, and other names of equal note in Scottish chieftainship; but feebler, through the jealousy and distrust of so many rivals, than when alone with the gallant Murray he led his countrymen to battle. Victory had deserted his plume: the Scots were defeated with great slaughter; and though for some time after they kept up the war in detached parties, they were no longer able to muster an army in the field. Edward, with his victorious troops, swept the whole country from the Tweed to the Northern Ocean; and there was scarcely any place of importance but owned his sway.

Yet, amid this wreck of the national liberties, Wallace despaired not. He had lived a freeman, and a freeman he resolved to die. All his endeavours to rouse his countrymen were, however, in vain. The season of resistance was, for the present, past. Wallace perceived that there remained no more hope, and sought out a place of concealment, where, eluding

the vengeance of Edward, he might silently lament over his fallen country. Nothing now remained in Scotland unconquered except the Castle of Stirling, which was at length compelled to surrender. But Wallace still lived; and while he existed, though without forces, and without an ostensible place of residence, his countrymen were not absolutely without hope, nor Edward without fear. Every exertion was made to discover his retreat; and at length he was betrayed into the hands of the English. He was brought to Westminster, and arraigned there as a traitor to Edward, and as having burnt villages, stormed castles, and slaughtered many subjects of England. 'I never was a traitor,' exclaimed Wallace indignantly. 'What injury I could do to Edward, the enemy of my liege sovereign and of my country, I have done, and I glory in it.' Sentence of death was pronounced against him, and immediately executed, with that studied rigour in the circumstances of the punishment which, while seeking to make impressions of terror, excites pity. His head was placed on a pinnacle at London, and his mangled limbs were distributed over the land. Thus cruelly perished a man whom Edward could never subdue, and whose only crime was an invincible attachment to freedom and independence. Who would not fight to the bitter end for such a noble purpose?

'Those ills that mortal men endure,  
So long are capable of cure  
As they of freedom may be sure;  
But that denied, a grief, though small,  
Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.'

## EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Our next warrior is Edward the Black Prince, a famous name in the French wars of England. He was the eldest son of Edward III., and accompanied his father to France, where he took a leading part in gaining the victory of Cressy. He married a daughter of the Earl of Kent in 1361.

It is enough for the present to say that the Black Prince was born in 1330, and that in 1345 he accompanied his father in his expedition to France, and displayed unusual heroism when engaged with the enemy. We pass over eleven years, and come to the year 1356.

On the 19th of September in that year, the battle of Poitiers, the second great battle fought by the English on French soil in pursuit of their chimerical claim to the crown of that country, was won by the Black Prince. Like the battle of Cressy, it was a victory in the face of an overwhelming superiority in numbers. Whilst the army of the French king mustered 60,000 horse alone, besides foot soldiers, the whole force of Edward, horse and foot together, did not exceed 10,000 men.

The engagement was not sought by the Black Prince, but was forced upon him, in consequence of his having come unexpectedly on the rear of the French army in the neighbourhood of Poitiers, to which town he had advanced in the course of a devastating expedition from Guienne, without being aware of the proximity of the French monarch. Finding that the whole of the surrounding country swarmed with the enemy, and that his retreat was effectually cut off, his first feeling seems to have been one of consternation. 'God help us!' he exclaimed; and then he courageously added: 'We

must consider how we can best fight them.' A strong position amid hedges and vineyards was taken up by him ; and as night was then approaching, the English troops prepared themselves for repose in expectation of the morrow's battle.

In the morning, the French monarch, King John, marshalled his forces for the combat ; but just as the engagement was about to commence, Cardinal Talleyrand, the Pope's legate, arrived at the French camp, and obtained a reluctant permission to employ his offices as mediator to prevent bloodshed. The whole of that day—it happened to be a Sunday—was spent by him in trotting between the two armies ; but he could effect no satisfactory arrangement. The English leader made a very liberal offer to John : he proposed to return all the towns and castles which he had taken in the course of his campaign, to surrender unransomed all his prisoners, and to bind himself by oath to refrain for seven years from bearing arms against the King of France. But the latter, confiding in his superiority of numbers, insisted on the Black Prince and a hundred of his best knights surrendering themselves prisoners, a proposition which Edward and his army indignantly rejected.

Next morning at early dawn the trumpets sounded for battle, and even then the indefatigable cardinal made another attempt to stay hostilities ; but when he rode over to the French camp for that purpose, he was cavalierly told to go about his business, and bring no more treaties or pacifications, or it would be the worse for himself. Thus repulsed, the worthy prelate made his way to the English army, and told the Black Prince that he must do his best, as it was impossible to make the French king modify his demands.



'Then God defend the right !' replied Edward, and prepared at once for action.

The attack was commenced by the French. A body of their cavalry came charging down a narrow lane with the view of dislodging the English from their position ; but they encountered such a galling fire from the archers who were posted behind the hedges, that they turned and fled in dismay.

It was now Edward's turn to assail, and six hundred of his bowmen suddenly appeared on the flank and rear of John's second division, which was thrown into irretrievable confusion by the discharge of arrows. The English knights, with the prince at their head, next charged across the open plain upon the main body of the French army. A division of cavalry, under the Constable of France, for a time stood firm, but ere long was broken and dispersed, their leader and most of his knights being slain. A body of reserve, under the Duke of Orleans, fled shamefully without striking a blow.

King John did his best to turn the fortune of the day. Accompanied by his youngest son, Philip, a boy of sixteen, who fought by his side, he led up on foot a division of troops to the encounter. After having received two wounds in the face and been thrown to the ground, he rose, and for a time defended himself manfully with his battle-axe against the crowd of assailants by whom he was surrounded. The brave monarch would certainly have been slain had not a French knight, named Sir Denis, who had been banished for killing a man in a fray, and in consequence joined the English service, burst through the press of combatants, and exclaimed to John in French, 'Sire, surrender !'

The king, who now felt that his position was desperate,

replied, 'To whom shall I surrender? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales?'

'He is not here,' answered Sir Denis; 'but surrender to me, and I will conduct you to him.'

'But who are you?' rejoined the king.

'Denis de Morbecque,' was the reply, 'a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I had there.'

'I surrender to you,' said John, extending his right-hand glove. But this submission was almost too late to save his life, for the English were disputing with Sir Denis and the Gascons the honour of his capture, and the French king was in the utmost danger from their violence. At last Earl Warwick and Lord Cobham came up, and, with every demonstration of respect, conducted John and his son Philip to the Black Prince, who received them with the utmost courtesy. He invited them to supper, waited himself at table on John, as his superior in age and rank, praised his valour, and endeavoured by every means in his power to diminish the humiliation of the royal captive.

The day after the victory of Poitiers, the Black Prince set out on his march to Bordeaux, which he reached without encountering any resistance. He remained during the ensuing winter in that city, concluded a truce with the dauphin Charles, John's eldest son, and in the spring of 1357 crossed over to England with the king and Prince Philip as trophies of his prowess. A magnificent entry was made into London, John being mounted on a cream-coloured charger, whilst the Prince of Wales rode by his side on a little black palfrey as his page.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father, in 1376.

## EARL OF WARWICK.

The Earl of Warwick, commonly called the *king-maker*, from the facility with which he created and deposed monarchs during the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, lived in a style of magnificence and hospitality of which no period, perhaps, furnishes a more brilliant example. No less than 30,000 persons are said to have lived daily at his board, in the different manors and castles which he possessed; and the military, allured by his hospitality as well as his bravery, were strongly attached to his interests.

Many passages might be selected from a life so full of interest: perhaps as characteristic a one as any was the short success with which he contrived to trouble the middle of the reign of Edward iv. King Henry vi. was shut up in the Tower, and Warwick engaged, with the assistance of the King of France and of the Lancastrians, to replace him upon the throne.

His plans were formed in the summer of 1470. Edward received timely warning of the impending storm, but, rendered over-confident by recent successes, he made no preparation to resist it. Indeed, with singular incaution, he suffered himself to be decoyed north of the Trent, under a false pretext, thus leaving the south entirely open to an inroad. The fleet of Warwick and Clarence crossed the Channel, and a landing was effected on the 13th September, without opposition, at Portsmouth and Dartmouth.

The men of Kent rose in arms, for Warwick's name had lost none of its old influence; and from every quarter people hastened to his standard with such eagerness, that he soon found himself at the head of 60,000 men.

As London and the southern counties seemed safe, Warwick proclaimed Henry, and set out to encounter Edward without delay. He turned his face towards Nottingham. It appeared certain that a great battle would be fought near that place. This, however, was rendered impossible by the rapid defection of Edward's adherents. The king fled hastily to Lynn, in Norfolk, and embarked for Holland, while his queen, Elizabeth, took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster.

Warwick was once more a king-maker. He and Clarence made their triumphal entry into London on the 6th of October. Warwick proceeded to the Tower, and brought forth King Henry, who had now been in durance vile for five long years. The royal procession which attended the poor king to Westminster must have presented a strange contrast to that by which he had been led into the Tower. Then Warwick had ridden beside him, and had led him round the pillory, crying, 'Treason! Treason! Behold the traitor!' Now he proclaimed him lawful king, and conducted him with great pomp through the streets of the metropolis, with the crown upon his head, attended by his prelates, nobles, and great officers to St. Paul's, where solemn thanksgiving was offered up for his restoration.

Warwick fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, when, owing to the mistake of one part of his army falling upon the other during a fog, he was defeated by Edward the Fourth. In former battles, Warwick had always fought on horseback, that he might at once ride along the line and perceive the particulars of the action; but on this occasion he determined to fight on foot, that his soldiers might see that he was resolved to share with them the dangers of the day. It was this gallant resolution which was the great cause of his defeat; for could he

have been personally present in those places where directions and assistance were wanted, the accident would, in all probability, not have happened. After having exerted himself as an officer and a hero in fruitless attempts to turn the tide of fortune in his favour, he rushed into the hottest part of the battle, and fell covered with wounds. His brother, Montacute, in endeavouring to save him, met with a similar fate.

### THOMAS HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, and third Duke of Norfolk, will long be remembered as the victor of Flodden, an event which has thus been described :—

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's headquarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden Hills, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the range of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wound between the armies.

On the morning of the 9th of September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and turning eastward, crossed the Till with his van and artillery at Twisel Bridge, nigh where the river joins the Tweed, the rearguard column passing about a mile higher by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great

advantage while struggling with natural obstacles. We know not if we are to impute James' forbearance to want of military skill or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field, and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

When the English army, by their skilful counter-march, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight, and setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. There the two armies met, almost without seeing each other. According to the old poem of 'Flodden Field'—

'The English lines stretched east and west,  
And southward were their faces set ;  
The Scottish northward proudly prest,  
And manfully their foes they met.'

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other ; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person, the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve.

When the smoke which the wind had driven between the two armies had somewhat dispersed, the English perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and Home

commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The admiral, however, stood firm ; and Dacres advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies ; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge.

Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed.

On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive ; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers.

The king and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the right wing of the Scots, pursued his career of victory, and arrived at the right

flank and in the rear of James' division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field.

The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field in disorder before dawn. They lost perhaps from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a Scottish family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and there was no province in Scotland, for many long years, where the battle was mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. There were slain of the Scots, the king, twelve earls, seventeen lords and earls' eldest sons, the Archbishop of St. Andrews and other three dignified clergymen, besides a great number of gentlemen.

### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

There are few brighter names in England's roll of honour than that of Sir Philip Sidney. We shall not now allude to him as an author: here we would make chief and honourable mention of him in his warlike capacity. In 1586 he obtained the command of the cavalry in the auxiliary army which Leicester led to the Netherlands against the Spaniards.

In the battle of Zutphen, fought in the cause of liberty against the tyrant Philip of Spain, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed



under him, and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He had to walk about a mile and a half to the camp, and being faint with loss of blood, and parched with thirst, he called for a drink, which was instantly brought him ; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous hero took the bottle from his mouth without drinking, and delivering it to the soldier, said, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' Sixteen days afterwards, the virtuous Sidney breathed his last, in the thirty-second year of his age.

He was buried in old St. Paul's, deeply regretted by his countrymen of every rank. A general mourning was observed for him, an honour then without precedent in England.

#### DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The greatest general England produced before the Duke of Wellington was undoubtedly John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. He was born in 1650 ; and we may as well mention here, in case we forget to do it elsewhere, that he died in 1722.

At the siege of Nimeguen, Marlborough, then a very young man, attracted the notice of the celebrated Turenne, who from that period spoke of him by the familiar title of 'the handsome Englishman,' and shortly afterwards put his spirit to the test. A lieutenant-colonel having scandalously abandoned, without resistance, a station which he was enjoined to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, 'I will bet a supper and a

dozen of claret that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it.' The wager was instantly accepted, and the event justified the confidence of the general; for Captain Churchill, after a short but desperate resistance, expelled the enemy, and maintained the post.

His greatest battle was that of Blenheim, in which he defeated the French under Marshal Tallard, on the 13th of August 1704. By the French it is called the field of Hochstadt, and the Germans call it Plentheim. Voltaire, speaking of it, says: 'The conquerors had about 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, the greater part being on the side of Prince Eugene. The French army was almost entirely destroyed: of 60,000 men, so long victorious; there never assembled more than 12,000 effective. About 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colours and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army and 1200 officers of mark in the power of the conqueror, signalized that day! The fugitives dispersed in all directions: more than a hundred leagues of country were lost in less than a month. The whole of Bavaria, falling under the yoke of the emperor, experienced all the rigour of the irritated Austrian Government, and all the rapacity and barbarity of a victorious soldiery. The elector, flying for refuge to Brussels, met on the road his brother, the Elector of Cologne, driven, like himself, out of his state. They embraced in a flood of tears. Astonishment and consternation seized the court of Versailles, so long accustomed to prosperity. The news of the defeat arrived there in the midst of the rejoicings for the birth of a great-grandson of Louis XIV. Nobody dared to inform the king of so cruel a truth. Madame de Maintenon was obliged to tell his Majesty *that he*

*was no longer invincible.*' Thus at a single blow Marlborough destroyed the proud army of France, which was to have seized upon Vienna, destroyed the Empire, and placed all Germany under the feet of Louis.

It appeared from every circumstance of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough antecedent to the glorious battle of Blenheim, that he was resolved either to conquer or die on the field ; and a short time before the action commenced, he devoted himself with great solemnity to the almighty Lord and Ruler of hosts, in the presence of his chaplain, and received the sacrament. When the battle was concluded, his Grace observed that he believed he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in the army.

Napoleon had the very highest opinion of Marlborough, whom he always spoke of as one of the first captains of any age or country. His career was indeed astonishing, and may well have excited the admiration of his immortal successor. He never besieged a town which he did not take, and he never fought a battle which he did not gain. He was never superior, and generally inferior, to his opponents. At the head of a mixed army of six nations, he communicated a united spirit to the whole mass, and rendered them invincible.

#### ROBERT CLIVE.

It was in a very different sphere from that of Marlborough that Robert Clive displayed his military genius. It is related of this successful general and able politician, that when a boy he was uncommonly active, but extremely unlucky. An exception to his juvenile bad luck was long remembered at

Drayton, where he went to school, and plagued the town's-people not a little with his playful extravagances. One day they were much alarmed at seeing young Clive climb up the spire of the turret, and seat himself with great composure astride the weathercock. After displaying a few antic tricks, to show his courage and dexterity, he came down with as much agility as he had ascended, and without encountering the slightest accident.

All who beheld the boy were filled with wonder at his perilous daring, though it does not appear to have occurred to anybody as being what it certainly was—a strong omen of his aspiring genius and future rise in life. He was regarded, indeed, as a very arch youth, but of too unsteady a temperament to promise success in any course of life which should depend on his own perseverance. It was this consideration, probably, that induced his father to get him recommended, on his leaving school, to the directors of the East India Company, in whose service he went to India in the capacity of a writer. It appears that there also he was considered as a person but indifferently qualified to get forward by his own abilities. How much he subsequently belied all these anticipations every one knows.

The battle of Plassey, Clive's greatest victory, may be said to have decided that the English should be masters of India. It was fought on the 5th of February 1757. The engagement has been described by the graphic pen of Lord Macaulay, and to it we are indebted for the following lively description :—

Surajah Dowlah, Clive's opponent, assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator

overcame his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbazar : the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off from Plassey ; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagement, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate ; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return.

On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit during a few hours shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up, when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed nearly an hour in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed ; and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep : he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the

Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise, the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay.

Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns under the direction of a few French auxiliaries were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were 15,000, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic.

The force which Clive had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only 3000 men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, which

still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few fieldpieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Discord began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors had suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and the order decided his fate.

Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiery were ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives.

In an hour, the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed never to re-assemble. Only 500 of the vanquished were slain; but their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly 60,000 men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

'Clive,' says Lord Macaulay, 'committed many faults. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.'

‘From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni.

‘Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of Granicus, of Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early age gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Buonaparte.’

### GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

General James Wolfe was born at Westerham, in Kent, in the year 1726. His father was a general, and young Wolfe entered the army at a very early age.

The fame which General Wolfe acquired at the siege of Louisburg, the surrender of which was principally owing to his bravery and skill, pointed him out to Mr. Pitt as the most proper to command the army destined to attack Quebec, although he was not more than thirty-three years of age.



Quebec was the capital of the French dominions in North America. It was well fortified, situated in the midst of a country hostile to the English, and defended by an army of 20,000 men, regulars and militia, besides a considerable number of Indians.

The troops intended for this expedition consisted of ten battalions, making together about seven thousand men. Such was the force sent to oppose three times their own number, defended by fortifications, in a country altogether unknown, and in a season of the year very unfavourable for military operations. But this little army was always sanguine of success; for it was commanded by General Wolfe, who had attached the troops so much to his person, and inspired them with such resolution and steadiness in the execution of their duty, that nothing seemed too difficult to accomplish.

On the 13th of September 1759, the grand attack on Quebec was made. General Wolfe landed his army on the northern shore of the river St. Lawrence. The difficulty of ascending the hill was so great, that the soldiers, not being able to go two abreast, were obliged to pull themselves up by the stumps and boughs of trees that covered the declivity.

The French commenced the battle with a brisk fire of musketry. Wolfe ordered his men to reserve their fire till they were within forty yards of the enemy. They then attacked with great fury, and the French gave way.

In the commencement of the battle, General Wolfe was wounded in the wrist by a musket-ball: he wrapped his handkerchief round it, and continued to give his orders with his usual calmness and perspicuity. Towards the end of the engagement he received another wound in the breast, which obliged him to retire behind the rear rank. Here he laid him-

self down on the ground. Soon after, a shout was heard, and one of the officers near him exclaimed, 'See how they run!'

The dying hero asked with some emotion, 'Who run?'

'The enemy,' replied the officer; 'they give way everywhere.'

The general then said, 'Pray, do one of you run to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to Charles river, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I shall die happy.'

He then turned on his side and immediately expired.

It is a circumstance not generally known, but believed by the army which served under General Wolfe, that his death-wound was not received by the common chance of war, but given by a deserter from his own regiment. The cause of this treacherous act is said to have been as follows:—The general perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms (an act against which he had given particular orders), and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprimanded the aggressor with some warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant, that he took the first opportunity of deserting to the enemy, where he premeditated the means of destroying the general, which he effected by being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, and where he was marked out by the miscreant, who was provided with a rifle piece, and unfortunately effected his diabolical purpose.

After the defeat of the French army, the deserters were all removed to Crown Point, which being afterwards suddenly invested and taken by the British army, the whole of the garrison fell into the hands of the captors. The sergeant was

hanged for desertion ; but before the execution of his sentence, he confessed the facts above recited.

Another account of Wolfe's death is slightly different from that given above. It states that when he received his death-wound, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. 'Support me,' said he to such as were near him ; 'let not my brave soldiers see me drop. The day is ours ; oh, keep it !' and with these words he expired.

A curious story is told of the circumstances attending Wolfe's appointment to the command of the expedition against Quebec.

On the day before his embarkation, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner at Hayes. The only other guest was Lord Temple. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated perhaps by his own aspiring thoughts and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth in a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, and rapped the table with it ; he flourished it round the room, and he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit ; and when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the right opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of the young officer. He lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple : 'I regret that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands !' It seems that Wolfe had partaken most sparingly of wine, so his conduct could not have been the effect of any excess. The incident affords a striking proof how much a fault of manner may obscure and disparage high excellence of mind. It confirms

Wolfe's own avowal, that he was not seen to advantage in the common 'occurrences of life, and shows how shyness may, at intervals, rush as it were for refuge into the opposite extreme. And it should also lead us to view such defects of manner with indulgence, as proving that they may co-exist with the highest ability and the purest virtue.

A pleasanter story to tell is the following :—The father of a friend of Samuel Lover, a Mr. Robinson, was engaged at the storming of Quebec, and the night before the memorable action, was in command of a ship's boat immediately following that of the general, whom he listened to reciting a poem with a peculiar force of utterance. On his desiring his sailors to pull nearer, he discovered the verses to be Gray's *Elegy*, and on the general concluding it, heard him observe, 'I would rather be known to posterity as the author of those lines, than possess the honour, great as it would be, of beating the French to-morrow.'

### GENERAL ELLIOT.

General Elliot's great exploit was the defence of Gibraltar against the forces of France and Spain in 1781-82. Rightly to understand this notable deed, we must be permitted to retrace our steps well-nigh a century, and see how the fortress came into our hands.

The very name of Gibraltar revives in the bosom of every Briton the spark of military ardour. It is justly considered as the brightest jewel of the British crown, which no boon, however splendid and valuable, could induce the nation ingloriously to barter. The importance of this fortress, which is

considered by Europe as the key of the Mediterranean, does not seem to have been duly estimated by the Spaniards until they lost it; not even by the English, who became masters of it more through accident than design. Sir George Rooke had, in the year 1704, been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong fleet to assist Charles, Archduke of Austria, but was so limited by instructions as to be unable to effect any enterprise of importance. Unwilling to return to England with a powerful squadron without having achieved something, he called a council of war, and it was determined to attack Gibraltar.

On the 21st of July 1704 the fleet reached the bay, and 1800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, were immediately landed on the isthmus. On the 23d, the ships commenced a brisk cannonade on the new mole, which in five or six hours drove the enemy from their guns in every quarter, but more completely from the new mole head. Captain Whitaker with the armed boats was ordered to possess himself of that post; but Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay with their ships nearest the mole, eager to share in every part of the glory, pushed ashore in their barges before the other ships could come up. On their landing, the Spaniards sprung a mine upon them, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The assailants, however, kept possession of the work, and being joined by Captain Whitaker, boldly advanced, and took a small bastion half-way betwixt the mole and the town. The Marquis de Salines, who was governor, being again summoned, thought proper to surrender, and the British colours for the first time waved over the rock of Gibraltar.

No sooner were the Spaniards acquainted with the loss of this important fortress, than they made every effort to regain

it. Foiled in several attempts, they formed the extravagant and desperate scheme of surprising the garrison, although a British admiral was then before the town. On the 31st of October, 500 volunteers took an oath never to return till they had planted the Spanish flag on the battlements of Gibraltar. This forlorn hope was conducted by a goat-herd to the south side of the rock, near the Cave guard. They mounted the rock, and during the first night lodged themselves unperceived in St. Michael's Cave. On the succeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and massacred the guard at Middle Hill. By the assistance of ropes and ladders, they got up several hundreds of the party appointed to support them; but being by this operation discovered, a strong detachment of grenadiers marched up from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that 160 of them were killed or forced over the precipice, and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners.

Since that period, several attacks have been made on Gibraltar with no better success; but the greatest of all was the memorable siege already alluded to of 1781-82, when France and Spain brought before it the most tremendous force ever employed in any modern siege. General Elliot, whose name has been immortalized and identified with the event, was at this time governor of Gibraltar, with a garrison of nearly 6000 men. The Spanish army, consisting of 14,000, was encamped within a mile and a half of the gates, and had constructed the most extensive works. These General Elliot determined if possible to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a sortie was made from the garrison, the enemy were surprised, and their works set on fire and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of

one man only, who, being the first to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish captain of artillery, whom he wounded ; but being wounded also, he could not be got off before the flames had reached him. The works thus destroyed had cost the Spaniards the enormous sum of thirteen millions of large piastres, equal to three millions sterling.

The Spanish monarch, mortified at the disgrace brought on his arms, and the great loss that he had sustained by this sortie, publicly declared his determination to have Gibraltar at all events, cost what it would. It was now determined to make the grand attack by sea and land which had been so long projected ; and the command of this mighty enterprise was given to the Duke de Crillon. From the arrival of this commander, the most active preparations were made in constructing batteries, which, however, were frequently destroyed by the garrison. The whole force of the allied crowns seemed to have been concentrated in this spot ; and such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. Their naval force consisted of forty-four large ships of the line, three inferior two-deckers, ten battering ships, five bomb-ketches, a great number of gun and mortar boats, a large floating battery, many armed vessels, and nearly 300 boats. The land batteries were furnished with 246 pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers ; and the combined army now amounted to 40,000.

On the 13th of September the grand attack was made by sea, and met by the garrison by a brisk fire of red-hot balls. After a few hours, the admiral's ship was observed to smoke, and eight more of the ships took fire in succession. Several of the battering ships exploded in the course of the following day ; the remaining eight ships also blew up with terrible

explosions. Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gunboats, exerted himself most gallantly in the cause of humanity, and saved upwards of 300 persons from the ships which were on fire, who must otherwise inevitably have perished. Lord Howe afterwards arrived with a fleet, and reinforced the garrison. The Spaniards, after the failure of their grand attack, kept up a petty warfare until February 1782, when the news of preliminaries of a general peace having been signed at Paris terminated hostilities.

A few particulars of the siege are worth giving :—

By the heavy bombardment, the town was almost totally laid in ruins, and the greater part of the effects belonging to the inhabitants were destroyed ; but the loss of life was much less than could have been expected, and many instances are related of very extraordinary escapes from the destructive power of the bombshells, which it seems difficult to account for. A corporal had the muzzle of his firelock closed, and the barrel twisted like a French horn, by a shell, without any injury to his person. A shell happened to fall into a tent where two soldiers were asleep, without waking them by its fall ; a sergeant in an adjacent tent heard it, and ran nearly forty yards to a place of safety, when he recollected the situation of his comrades. Thinking the shell had fallen blind, he returned and awakened them ; both immediately rose, but continued by the place debating on the narrow escape they had had, when the shell exploded, and forced them with great violence against a garden wall.

On New Year's Day, 1782, an officer of artillery observed a shell falling towards the place where he stood, and got behind a traverse for protection. This he had scarcely done, when the shell fell into the traverse, and instantly entangled him in



the rubbish. One of the guards, named Martin, observing his distress, generously risked his own life in defence of his officer, and ran to extricate him. Finding his own efforts ineffectual, he called for assistance, when another of the guard joining him, they relieved the officer from his situation, and almost the same instant the shell burst, and the traverse was levelled to the ground. Martin was afterwards promoted and rewarded by the governor, who told him at the same time that he should equally have noticed him for attending to a comrade. A shell happening to fall into the room where Ensign Mackenzie, of the 73d Regiment, was sitting, carried away part of his chair and fell into the room below, where it burst, lifting him and the chair into the air from the floor without further injury.

Two boys belonging to the Artificers' Company were endowed with such wonderful strength of vision, that they could see the shot of the enemy in the air almost as soon as it came from the mouth of the gun, and were therefore constantly placed upon some part of the works, to give notice to the soldiers of the approaching danger.

During the time of the hottest fire, however, the men were so habituated to the fall of shells and shot around them, that they contracted an insensibility of danger, and almost required to be cautioned by their officers to avoid the explosion of a shell when lying with the fuse burning at their feet. In consequence of this inattention, they frequently neglected the advice of the boys ; and their neglect was productive of fatal effects. An instance of this happened in the Princess Amelia's battery, where a shot thus disregarded came through one of the capped embrasures, carried off one of the legs from each of three soldiers, and wounded a fourth in both. In other cases, in which the persons themselves have observed the shot

or shells coming towards them, they have been fascinated by its appearance, and unable to move from the spot, as small birds are said to be by the rattlesnake. 'This sudden arrest of the faculties,' says Captain Drinkwater, the able historian of this memorable siege, 'was nothing uncommon; several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they had been immoveably fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.' In this manner Lieutenant Lome of the 12th Regiment was fascinated by a shot which he saw coming, but had not the power to remove from the place before it fell upon him and took off his leg.

During this siege, provisions became very dear, partly owing to the avarice of some of the inhabitants, who hoarded up and concealed a quantity of articles in order to procure an advanced price. This so enraged some of the soldiers, that they broke into several of the houses, and committed all sorts of dissipation, waste, and extravagance, even going so far as to roast a pig by a fire made of cinnamon.

### SIR JOHN MOORE.

A hero's greatest triumph sometimes may be his own glorious death; and such was the case with Sir John Moore. This estimable warrior had been sent to Spain, to co-operate with the patriots there and in Portugal against the French

invaders of the Peninsula. He found that the whole of the vast opposing force was gathering round him, to overwhelm the small band under his leadership.

A rapid retreat to the northern coast of Spain was the only chance of saving the English troops from destruction or surrender. This retreat was effected in the midst of the severe winter of 1808-9, through the rugged country of Galicia; and it is almost unparalleled in military history for the sufferings of the retiring army.

Moore at last reached Corunna, closely pursued by superior forces under Soult. Transports lay in the harbour to receive the British troops; but Soult pressed hastily forward, so that it was impossible to effect the embarkation without either checking the enemy by a battle or entering into a convention. Moore indignantly spurned the dishonourable proposal of a convention, and on the 16th January 1809 drew his men out, though exhausted and shattered by the horrors of their retreat, to face the advancing French before Corunna.

The troops did their duty, and repulsed Soult's columns at every point with severe loss; but the victory was dearly purchased by the death of General Moore, who was struck down by a cannon-shot, just as he had called on the 42d Highlanders to 'Remember Egypt,' and reminded them that 'though powder was short, they had their bayonets.'

The following particulars of the death of Sir John Moore are given by an eye-witness:—"I met the general on the evening of the 16th instant, as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported on a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark, squeezed me by the hand, and said, "Do not leave me." He spoke to

the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little.

‘After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals expressed himself as follows. The first question he asked was, “Are the French beaten?” which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew as they entered the room. On being assured by all that the French were beaten, he exclaimed, “I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice. You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can; tell them everything; say to my mother,” here his voice failed him—“Hope—Hope—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is Colonel Grahame and are all my aides-de-camp well? I have made my will, and have remembered my servants; Colborne has my will and all my papers.”

‘Major Colborne, his principal aide-de-camp, then came into the room; he spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, “Remember you go to —— and tell him it is my request, and that I expect that he will befriend Major Colborne. He has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.” He then asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten, and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said it was a great satisfaction in his last moments to know he had beat the French. “Is General Paget in the room?” he asked. On my telling him he was not, he said, “Remember me to him. I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying: I am in great pain.” He then thanked the doctors for their attention. Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room; he spoke kindly to both, and asked if all his aides-de-camp were well. He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle. He told me, while the surgeons were

examining his wound, "You know I have always wished to die this way."

When the news arrived in this country of the battle of Corunna, it was received by all classes with profound emotion. A British army had failed in its mission, and had been compelled to retreat in the depth of winter. But the commander, Sir John Moore, more than redeemed himself from any censure to which he was liable, by the ability he displayed in conducting the troops on their withdrawal to the coast. Our army was in a state of great wretchedness, but the pursuing French were still more miserably off; and when the gallant Moore stood at bay at Corunna, he gave the enemy a thorough repulse, though at the expense of his own life.

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington might well have a volume to himself, so far as the brilliant engagements in which he took part are concerned. But we must limit ourselves to two—one in 1812, and the other, his crowning victory, Waterloo, in 1815.

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, in the former year, deserves to rank with the proudest deeds of the British army, it being probably the only well-authenticated instance of a retrenched breach, fully manned and prepared for defence, being carried by an effort of cool and deliberate courage against a brave and skilful enemy. Lord Wellington, who directed the siege, observing strong indications of an immediate advance of the enemy to relieve the place, decided upon giving the assault as soon as the breaches should be judged practicable. In consequence, such were the exertions made to push forward the

attack, that good breaches were effected on the thirteenth day, notwithstanding the garrison fired above 11,000 large shells, and nearly an equal number of shot, without a single round being fired against the defences in return. General Picton's division was directed to assault the larger, and General Crawford's division the lesser, whilst the demonstration of an escalade, to divert the attention of the garrison, was directed to be made on the opposite side of the place by a body of the Portuguese under General Pack. At 9 A.M., the leading brigade of each division most cheerfully moved forward, preceded by parties of sappers carrying some hundreds of bags filled with hay, which they threw into the ditch to lessen its depth. Major-General M'Kinnon's first descended opposite the great breach, at which moment hundreds of shells and various combustibles, which had been arranged along the foot of the rubbish, prematurely exploded, and exhausted themselves before the troops arrived within the sphere of their action. The men gallantly ascended the breach against an equally gallant resistance ; and it was not until after a sharp struggle that the bayonets of the assailants prevailed, and gained them a footing on the summit of the rampart. There, behind an interior retrenchment, the garrison redoubled their defensive efforts ; but nothing could long resist the ardour of the attacking columns, and the French gave way at the very moment that the lesser breach was forced ; then, being attacked on both flanks, they took refuge in the town, where they were pursued from house to house, till all the survivors were made prisoners.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba in March 1815, the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command of the united army of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, 70,000 strong, formed in the Netherlands, to resist the anticipated

attacks of the French emperor. At Waterloo the two forces met.

When, after the victory of Aumale, in which Henry the Fourth of France was wounded, he called his generals round his bed to learn what had occurred subsequently to his leaving the field, no two could agree as to the course of the very events in which they had been actors; and the king, struck with the difficulty of ascertaining facts so evident and recent, exclaimed, '*Voilà ce que c'est l'histoire!*' Another striking instance of the same kind was afforded by the memorable battle of Waterloo. If there is any fact on which one might expect the unanimity of witnesses, it would be the precise hour in which the action commenced. It must have been notorious to every man in both armies, and there could exist no motive on either side for misrepresentation; besides, at Waterloo, where the whole of each army was visible, there could be no possibility, one should have thought, of mistake; and yet nothing can be more various and discordant than the statements on this point with regard to the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington and Blücher say that the battle commenced about ten; General Alava, who never quitted the Duke's side during the early part of the action, says half-past eleven. Drouot and Buonaparte concur in stating twelve, and Ney dates the commencement at one. The difference must be between preliminary skirmishing and the serious attack; and at such times, men are more likely to speak at random than from observation.

During the action, the Duke of Wellington was everywhere: always where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire, and front of the danger; he was seen, as Waller says of Lord Falkland—

'Exposing his all-knowing breast  
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest.'

Never were his exertions more needful : sometimes he was rallying broken infantry, sometimes placing himself at the head of formed squares. No man, indeed, ever had more confidence in his troops, or did more justice to them. 'When other generals,' he said, 'commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten : when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it.' The men on their part amply returned the confidence which they so well deserved. 'Bless thy eyes !' said a soldier in Spain, when Lord Wellington passed by him for the first time after he had returned from Cadiz to the army, — 'Bless thy eyes ! I had rather see thee come back than see 10,000 men come to help us.' On the day of Waterloo, both men and leaders were put to the proof : none of their former fields of glory, many as they had seen together, had been so stubbornly contested or so dearly won.

The great object of Buonaparte, his only hope, his sure means of success, was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arrive in any force ; he therefore made a perpetual repetition of attacks with horse and foot, supported by the whole of his artillery. It was one of those great efforts by which he had more than once before decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as tremendous a cannonade as ever was witnessed upon a field of battle, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the *élite* of his guards with his reserves, and made an attack on the British centre, which, if it had been possible to quell the spirit of a British army, would have proved successful. Our cavalry was driven to the rear of our infantry ; our advanced artillery was taken.



Every battalion was instantly in squares; and though the French cavalry repeatedly charged, not a square was broken. More than once did Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance on the steadiness of the men, and ready to stand or fall with them.

When the Prussians at last made their appearance, and were passing our left columns in their advance, they cheered them with that exultation which the determination and sure hope of conquering inspired, and all their bands played 'God save the King.' Wellington, perceiving their movements, and seeing the confusion of the enemy, took that great and decisive step which crowned his glory and saved Europe. He advanced with the greatest celerity the whole line of his infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery; he put himself at the head of the Foot Guards, and spoke a few words to them, which were answered by a general huzza; and then leading them on himself, the attack was made at all points, and in every point with the most perfect success. *Sauve qui peut* was now the cry in Buonaparte's army. A total rout could not be more fully acknowledged than it is by his own account:—'A complete panic,' he says, 'spread at once through the whole field of battle; the men threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoniers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the Old Guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps.'

The line of the retreat, says General Gneisenau, resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with

cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who were foremost in flight, and did not expect to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time ; presently the Prussians were upon them, and thus they were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they seemed to recover courage when beholding only their own numbers, and made a show of maintaining themselves ; but when they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. Eight hundred of their bodies were found lying where 'they had suffered themselves' (it is a German who speaks) 'to be cut down like cattle.' General Duhême, who commanded the rear-guard, fell in this place. A black hussar of the Duke of Brunswick's corps sacrificed him to his master's memory. 'The duke fell yesterday,' said the Brunswicker, 'and thou shalt bite the dust ;' and so saying, he cut him down.

So-confident was Buonaparte of success, that messengers were actually despatched from the field to announce it. On the day of the battle, it was telegraphed to Boulogne that the emperor had gained a most complete victory over the united British and Prussian armies, commanded by Wellington and Blucher. A bulletin extraordinary was published at Lisle, stating that the emperor himself, setting the example in the war, had fired the first carbine, and had a horse killed under him ; that his astonishing victories of the 15th, 16th, and 17th June were exceeded by that of the 18th, in which he had taken 30,000 prisoners. One account announced his entrance into Brussels ; and another said that the cannons were roaring from the ramparts of the French fortresses to celebrate that event.

Buonaparte had indeed invited Marshal Ney to sup with him that night at Brussels ; and at six in the evening he is said to have remarked to him that they should yet arrive there in good time to keep their engagement. His proclamations to the Belgians upon his victory were printed, and dated from the Palace of Laeken. He had, in short, prepared everything for victory, nothing for defeat.

It has been justly remarked, that the feelings which this battle produced in England will never be forgotten. Accustomed as we were at that time to victory, upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen—confident as we were in our general and our army, even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamt not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which victory had been obtained appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors : there the multitude of the enemy had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption. Blenheim had been less stubborn in its conflict, less momentous in its consequences ; and all the previous actions of the great commander, from Vimieira or from Eastern Assaye to Toulouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs. Heavy as was the weight of private sorrow which it brought with it, severe as was the public loss in the fall of Picton and Ponsonby, and of so many others, the flower of the British youth, the pride and promise of the British army, still the nation was spared that grief which, on a former occasion, had abated the joy of the multitude, and made thoughtful spirits almost regret the victory of Trafalgar. The Duke's aides-de-camp, men endeared to him by their long

services in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him, fell killed or wounded, one after another. Of those who accompanied him during this 'agony of his fame,' his old friend the Spanish General Alava was the only one who was untouched, either in his person or his horse.

During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions.

At a moment when the Duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much. The Duke answered with noble simplicity, 'I know I am; but I must die, or see what they are doing.'

While he stood in the centre of the high road in front of Mont St. Jean, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he observed, 'That's good practice; I think they fire better than in Spain.'

Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even there expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, 'Stand fast, 95th; we must not be beat. What will they say in England?' On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, 'Never mind; we'll win the battle yet.' To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common

sporting expression, 'Hard pounding this, gentlemen : let's see who will pound longest.'

One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the Duke that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its number, and that those who remained were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief of however short duration seemed a measure of necessity.

'Tell him,' said the Duke, 'what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on the spot we now occupy.'

'It is enough,' returned the general ; 'I and every man under my command are determined to share the common fate.'

Wellington's feelings after the battle he thus described in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom he had the painful task of communicating a brother's death :—

'I cannot,' said he, 'express to you the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the losses the country and the service have sustained ; none more severe than that of General Sir William Gordon. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you. But I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt will remain that our exertions will be rewarded by the attainment of our first object. Then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen may be some consolation.'

Wellington spoke from his heart. The victory had been too severely purchased to bring with it any of that exhilaration with which victory is usually accompanied. The friends with whom he had so often rejoiced after victory had fallen by his side, and during the greatest part of the ensuing day he was in tears.

A few anecdotes of this famous victory are here set down, in memory of the brave heroes who assisted their illustrious general to win the day.

Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand like common soldiers. 'You are uncommonly savage to-day,' said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. 'What would you have me do?' answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men. 'We are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them,' and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

Sir John Ely requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scots Greys. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A corporal in the Horse Guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him. At one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but was at last slain himself by the remaining two.

In the afternoon of this dreadful day, the 92d Regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy which came down on them of from two to three thousand strong. They penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet, and the instant they pierced it, the Scots Greys dashed forward to their support, when they cheered each other, and cried, 'Scotland for ever!' Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoner, after which the Scots Greys charged through the enemy's second line, and took their eagles.

A division of the enemy having been repulsed with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two and wounded three others, when, being overpowered by a body of infantry and taken prisoner, he was stripped of all his clothes except his shirt and trousers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night.

Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference which deserve to be recorded. The Life Guards coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on parade in the park, 'Bravo, 95th! do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them.'

A Life Guardsman, who from being bald was known among his comrades by the appellation of the 'Marquis of Granby,' had his horse shot under him, and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose and, though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering him, 'Well done, Marquis of Granby!'

While Colonel Ponsonby lay bleeding from seven severe wounds, a private soldier of the 40th Regiment came up to him late in the evening, whom he entreated to remain with him till the morning. The man begged leave to look for a sword, adding, 'And then, your honour, I'll engage the devil himself won't come near you.' He soon picked up a French sabre, and then sat quietly down by the colonel until daylight, when he had him conveyed to a place of comfort and security.

Among the officers immediately attendant on the Duke of Wellington was the late Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon-ball, and lost two fingers of his right hand. When the cannon-shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it around him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.

### MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA.

Next to the Duke of Wellington, the success of the battle of Waterloo was perhaps more indebted to the 'first cavalry officer in the world,' as the gallant Marquis of Anglesea was called, than to any other of the numerous warriors who so gloriously distinguished themselves on that eventful day. 'He displayed,' says an eye-witness of his lordship's conduct in the field on this occasion, 'consummate valour in the sight of his admiring men. As it was the greatest object at the moment to kindle the spirit of our troops, what could more effectually



do this than the display of gallantry and dash of their superior? This was the more important as it is also a certain fact, that not having as yet made an essay on the cuirassiers, they entertained the idea that all attack upon them was ineffectual.'

Twice had the marquis, then Earl of Uxbridge, led the Guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of 'Now for the honour of the household troops!' when three heavy masses of the enemy's infantry advanced, supported by artillery and a numerous body of cuirassiers. This formidable body drove in the Belgians, leaving the Highland Brigade to receive the shock. At this critical moment the Earl of Uxbridge galloped up to the second heavy brigade (Ponsonby's), when the three regiments were wheeled up in the most masterly style, presenting a beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men. As his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. Then placing himself at their head, he made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked consisted of upwards of 9000 men, under Count d'Erlon. Of these, 3000 were made prisoners, and the rest killed, with the exception of about 1000 men, who formed themselves under cover of the cuirassiers.

His lordship afterwards led the 'household troops' in several brilliant attacks, cutting in pieces whole battalions of the Old Guard, into whose masses they penetrated, when, after having successfully got through this arduous day, he received a wound in the knee by almost the last shot that was fired. The wound was such that it was found necessary to amputate the leg.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

The most important epoch in Sir Charles James Napier's life began in 1842, when, at the age of sixty, he was appointed as major-general to the command of the Indian army within the Bombay Presidency. This resulted in the conquest of Scinde against terrible odds. His destruction of a fortification called Emaum Ghur in 1843 was characterized by the Duke of Wellington as one of the most remarkable military feats he had ever heard of. The fearful battle of Meanee followed, a conflict of which we shall give here a brief account.

On the night of the 16th of February, Sir Charles Napier was in the neighbourhood of the enemy, and in the morning he meant to launch his little army against the opposing host.

'My troops,' he wrote just before lying down to sleep, 'are in high spirits; so am I. Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible; but it is a delightful anxiety.' The Duke of Wellington was accustomed to say that the stumbling of a horse in a charge of cavalry might lose a battle; and mindful of these chances, Sir Charles Napier wrote: 'I am as sure of victory as a man who knows that victory is an accident can be.' When Scinde was subdued, he records, with retrospective modesty, that with long experience and some study he had made himself a third-rate general; but when he was grappling with present danger, instead of reviewing the deeds he had done, his sagacity told him that he was master of the situation; and his confidence was an unconscious tribute to his genius. Upon one thing he was thoroughly resolved—it should be 'Do or die.' 'Beaten, I could not show my face, unless the fault was with the troops.'

The native Scindians had been conquered about sixty years before by the Beloochees, a fierce and hardy race of Persian origin, with some admixture of Arab blood. These were the warriors who to the number of 35,000 were now drawn up at Meanee in battle array. Their centre was posted in the deep and dry bed of the Fullaillee river, its high bank sloping away to the plain in face of them, and affording them a protecting rampart. In advance of this front, and at right angles to it, were placed the wings, which rested upon dense woods. Thus the ranks of the enemy formed three sides of a parallelogram, the long side being their front, and their wings the ends. The nature of the ground rendered it impossible to turn either flank, and into this box Sir Charles Napier had to carry a force which, including officers, did not exceed 2000 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans. Before he entered into it, he made a masterly disposition to protect his baggage and his rear. The baggage of an Indian army he described as an 'awful affair.' He was thought to have done wonders in reducing his, by the extent of his personal influence, to smaller dimensions than ever known before ; yet, in addition to troops, horses, and bullocks, his camels, amounting to 1500, extended, if marched in a single line, four miles and a quarter. The enemy, with their immensely superior numbers, could readily detach a force to make a prize of this confused, defenceless mass. Wherefore Sir Charles Napier gathered his stores into a circle, caused the camels to kneel round it with their heads towards the centre, and stationed four hundred fighting men between their necks to keep the living redoubt. Placed at the back of his line, the baggage became at once its own security, and a rear-guard to the troops.

'He advanced to the battle,' says a writer in the *Quarterly*

*Review*, 'and with that quickness of perception which is the prerogative of great commanders, he put one of the hostile wings out of action on his way. A wall nine or ten feet high ran in front of it, with only a single opening, and from this the enemy intended to pour out upon his flank and rear as he pushed forward to engage the centre. Riding under a heavy fire to reconnoitre, he remarked that the walls had no loopholes through which the enemy could shoot, nor a scaffolding behind it to enable them to fire over the top. In an instant he converted the rampart which was meant for their defence into their prison. He stationed eighty grenadiers in the narrow entrance. The brave fellows kept the doorway, and the whole left wing of the Beloochees, consisting of 6000 men, were placed *hors de combat*. Their right wing was held in check by another detachment of grenadiers, and the general proceeded with the remainder of his infantry to fight the battle in front.

'As his line drew near to the bank, his voice was heard high above the fire commanding them to charge. On went the 22d with the rapid run of eager courage ; but when they arrived at the edge of the river-bed, they looked, paused, and staggered back. The rising ground which led up to the stream had hid the Beloochees from their sight, and now for the first time they caught a view of the countless masses, extending as far as the eye could reach. Amazed at the spectacle, they instinctively recoiled ; but the general cheering them on, they recovered their courage, and closed in deadly conflict with their foe. "Guarding their heads with their large black shields," says Sir William Napier, in that brilliant style which seems to have been inspired by battles, and is instinct with their fire, "the Beloochees shook their sharp swords beaming in the sun ; their

shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they rushed forwards, and full against the front of the 22d dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the soldiers met them with that queen of weapons—the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood.”

It would be a long story were we to describe all the brilliant actions and the fearful slaughter of the day. At last the Beloochees began to quail, and the British observing a wavering in the hostile ranks, rushed forward with a shout, and with musketry and bayonet completed the discomfiture. The carnage was fearful. The volleys from our line and the discharges from our artillery told terribly upon such dense masses, and no quarter was given or received. Such butchery, indeed, the general, with all his Peninsular experience, had never seen before. Our own loss in killed and wounded was 270; that of the Beloochees was computed to be 6000.

#### SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

‘Scarcely had Sir Colin Campbell begun to rest after the excitement of the Crimean War,’ says an eminent writer, ‘when a still more important event summoned him into the field. This was the terrible Indian Mutiny of 1857, by which the loss of our empire in the East was regarded as all but certain. The natives had risen in open rebellion; the Sepoys, whom we had trained to war, had risen against their instructors; and while General Anson, the commander of the British forces in the East, had sunk and died under difficulties too great for

him to surmount, our Indian generals, with their armies reduced to companies, were everywhere making head against the universal tide, and attempting with scanty means to suppress, or at least to hold in check, the overwhelming masses of the insurgents.

‘In this difficulty, all eyes at home were turned upon Sir Colin Campbell; it was felt that he and he alone was adequate for such a crisis; and the satisfaction was universal that hailed his appointment by our Government to be commander-in-chief of the British armies in India. He readily responded to the new call of duty, and in less than twenty-four hours after his appointment he had left London on his way to the East. Travelling by express, he was in time for the Indian mail at Marseilles, and arrived at Calcutta on the 29th August, only thirty-one days after he had left London, so that he was the first to bring the tidings of his own appointment.

‘The great interest of the Indian war had now concentrated at Lucknow. The rebels had obtained possession of that most important city, whilst a mere handful of British soldiers, with a crowd of civilians, women, and children, had taken refuge within the Residency. This building was closely invested by the rebels, and would have been reduced by them but for the opportune arrival of General Havelock, who, after a series of victories almost without a parallel in Indian warfare, had broken through Lucknow and entered the Residency. This diversion, however, instead of raising the siege, was only sufficient to strengthen the all but overpowered garrison, and protract the resistance of the Residency, under the able generalship of Outram and Havelock. Meanwhile they were cheered by the news of Sir Colin’s arrival in India, and the prospect of his coming to their relief.

‘Sir Colin Campbell, however, could not set out on his critical enterprise before the arrival of reinforcements from England. It was not till the 12th of November that he started. His undertaking was one that demanded consummate judgment ; for a single false step or disaster in the attempt would have fearfully imperilled the loss of our Indian army, and our hold on India. He began his march from Cawnpore, where he had concentrated his forces, and advanced upon the Alumbagh, an isolated building with grounds and enclosures about three miles from the Residency, to the south-east of Lucknow, which Havelock had captured and garrisoned in his approach to the city. He reached the Alumbagh in the evening, after a sharp attack of the rebels upon his vanguard, in which they were routed with the loss of their guns.

‘Sir Colin Campbell now resolved on making a detour to the right, crossing the canal on the east side of Lucknow, and reaching the Residency by a deflection round the north-east corner of the city. His plan was the perfection of caution ; and it was executed in all its parts with courage and daring. He commenced his route for the Residency on the 14th of November, and advanced upon Dilkoosha. Soon they met with a heavy fire and desperate resistance from the rebels ; but they defeated them, and surmounted the first difficulty in their path. The next feat that had to be accomplished was the assailing and carrying of the Secunderbagh, a plantation surrounded by a high wall of strong masonry, a hundred and twenty feet square, occupied by the rebels in strong force, and loopholed all round. This was done ; and the desperate nature of the enemy’s resistance may be gathered from the fact that more than 2000 of their slain were found within the walls. After the storming of the Secunderbagh, it was neces-

sary to carry the Shah Nujjeef, a domed mosque, which the enemy had converted into a strong fortress. "The storming of the Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujjeef," says Campbell in his order of the day, "has never been surpassed in daring, and the success of it was most brilliant and complete."

'No further obstacle interposed between the besieged garrison and their countrymen coming to their aid, except a mess-house of considerable size, defended by a ditch and a loopholed mud wall; and this was attacked and stormed on the following day, after an hour of desperate conflict. And now the communication between the victorious army and the Residency was so complete, that Outram and Havelock came out to welcome Sir Colin before the mess-house was carried. It was a proud moment to the latter when he saw the relief of the garrison accomplished, after so long a period of agonizing suspense and so many desperate conflicts.'

Let us conclude this chapter with an ode written by the poet Collins in 1746:—

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

'By Fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen, their dirge is sung !  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'





## GREAT STATESMEN AND ORATORS.

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*'Our country's welfare is our first concern,  
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty.'*

HAVARD.

John Hampden—Oliver Cromwell—Andrew Marvell—Earl of Chatham—  
Edmund Burke—Henry Grattan—Charles James Fox—Richard  
Brinsley Sheridan—William Pitt—George Canning—Lord Brougham.

### JOHN HAMPDEN.

**T**HE name of Hampden is dear to every English patriot. His love of country was untainted by selfishness; his resistance to authority unstained by crime; he pleaded and remonstrated against the encroachments of power, until pleading and remonstrance were disregarded; and he only resorted to arms when the liberties of his country were so endangered as to render it criminal to remain any longer passive.

John Hampden was descended from one of the most ancient families in Buckinghamshire. When he had attained his thirtieth year, he was chosen to represent his native county in Parliament, an event which roused to exertion those principles of virtue and patriotism which seemed latent in his character. He was consulted by the leading members of Parliament in all

the important points of opposition. It was Hampden's peculiar talent to act powerfully when he seemed most disengaged. He made no public figure, however, till 1636, when he became universally known by a solemn trial at the King's Bench, on his refusing to pay the ship-money. He carried himself, as Clarendon tells us, through this whole suit with such singular temper and modesty, that he obtained more credit and advantage by losing it than the king did service by gaining it. The infamous judgment given by the judges on this cause only roused the nation to a more serious attention to the conduct and views of the court, and encouraged those men of genius and abilities who laid the grounds for the succeeding revolution to concert measures how to improve, to an effectual height, the growing discontent. From this time Hampden soon grew to be one of the most popular men of the nation, and a leading member of the Long Parliament.

'The memorable crisis which gave birth to the civil war,' Lord Macaulay observes, 'called forth parliamentary abilities such as England had never before seen. Among the most distinguished members of the House of Commons were Falkland, Hyde, Digby, young Harry Vane, Oliver St. John, Denzil Hollis, Nathaniel Fiennes. But two men exercised a paramount influence over the Legislature and the country—Pym and Hampden; and by the universal consent of friends and enemies, the first place belonged to Hampden.'

On occasions which required set speeches, Pym generally took the lead. Hampden very seldom rose till late in a debate. His speaking was of that kind which has, in every age, been held in the highest estimation by English Parliaments—ready, weighty, perspicuous, and condensed. His perception of the feeling of the House was exquisite, his temper unalterably

placid, his manner eminently courteous and gentlemanlike. 'Even with those,' says Clarendon, 'who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and who discerned those opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenuous and conscientious person.' His talents for business were as remarkable as his talents for debate. 'He was,' says Clarendon, 'of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of facts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp.'

Yet it was rather to his moral than to his intellectual qualities that he was indebted for the vast influence which he possessed. 'When this Parliament began'—we again quote Clarendon—'the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *pater patriæ*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections were so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew.'

Clarendon's portrait of Hampden, though marked with those partial lines which distinguished the hand of this historian, is the testimony of an enemy to virtues possessed only by the foremost rank of men. All the talents and virtues which render private life useful, amiable, and respectable, were united in Hampden, in the highest degree, with those excellencies which guide the jarring opinions of popular counsels to determine points; and, whilst he penetrated into the most secret designs

of other men, he never discovered more of his own inclinations than was necessary to the purpose in hand. In debate he was so much a master, that, joining the art of Socrates with the graces of Cicero, he fixed his own opinion under the modest guise of desiring to improve by that of others, and, contrary to the nature of disputes, left a pleasing impression, which prejudiced his antagonist in his favour, even when he had not convinced or altered his judgment. His behaviour was so generally uniform, and unaffectedly affable, and his conversation so enlivened by his vivacity, so seasoned by his knowledge and understanding, and so well applied to the genius, humour, and prejudices of those he conversed with, that his talents to gain popularity were absolute. With qualities of this high nature, he possessed in council penetration and discernment, with a sagacity on which no one could impose, an industry and vigilance which were indefatigable, with the entire command of his passions and affections,—an advantage which gave him a decided superiority over less regulated minds. Whilst there were any hopes that the administration of the country could be corrected without the entire overthrow of the constitution, Hampden chose, before other preferment, the superintendence of the prince's mind, aiming to correct the source from whence the happiness or misfortunes of the empire, if the government continued monarchical, must flow ; but the aversion which the king discovered to those regulations which were necessary to secure the freedom of the constitution from any future attempt of the Crown, with the schemes he had entered on to punish the authors of reformation and rescind his concessions, determined the conduct of Hampden. Convinced that Charles' affections and understanding were too corrupt to be trusted with power in any degree, he sought the abolition of

monarchy as the only cure to national grievances, warmly opposing all overtures for treaties as dangerous snares, or any other expedient than conquest for accommodation.

This virtuous patriot was shot in the shoulder by a brace of bullets on Chalgrove Field in the year 1642, and after lingering six days, expired in great pain. The king, on hearing of Hampden being wounded, though he was then in arms against him, immediately sent his own physician to attend him, and expressed his consciousness of his integrity, and the regret he felt at his severe wound.

In such respect is the memory of Hampden held by his grateful countrymen, that when one of his descendants was once deficient in an amount of public money, he was exonerated from the debt due to Government by an Act of Parliament, particularly expressing that it was for the services which his illustrious ancestor had rendered to the country that this mark of favour was shown to him.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Carlyle, speaking of Oliver Cromwell, says: 'I have asked myself if anywhere in modern European history, or even ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest. Bathed in the eternal splendours—it is so he walks our dim earth: this man is one of few.'

Oliver Cromwell first distinguished himself in the House of Commons in 1639, when Charles the First made an ill-judged attack on the Earl of Bedford, respecting the drainage of the fens. Cromwell spoke and acted with such superior ability

and effect on this occasion, that he received the appellation of 'Lord of the Fens,' and Hampden from that time pronounced him one that would 'sit well at the mark.'

In the Long Parliament, Cromwell represented the county of Cambridge, and was a member of one of the forty committees into which the House was at that time divided and subdivided. Of his personal appearance, and the respect which his talents inspired in the House, Sir Philip Warwick, a royalist contemporary, gives the following curious description :—

'The first time,' writes Sir Philip, 'I ever took notice of him was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes). I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily appparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and *his eloquence full of fervour*, for the subject-matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council table unto that height, that one would have believed the very Government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council; *for he was very much hearkened unto*. And yet I lived to see

this very gentleman, whom, out of no ill-will to him, I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real, though usurped, power (having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company), in my eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment, and comely presence.'

The dissolution of the Rump Parliament in 1653 was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of Cromwell's power during all the Commonwealth time. After it he was master of the three kingdoms for about five and a half years.

The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate on a Bill for increasing the members of the House, which it was thought would have passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listened to this interesting debate on the Bill, beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him. Whereupon the general sat still for about a quarter of an hour longer.

But now the question being put, that this Bill do pass, he beckoned again to Harrison, says, 'This is the time; I must do it!' so rose up, put off his hat, and spake. 'At the first,' says Carlyle, 'and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults, rising higher and higher in a very aggravated style indeed.

'An honourable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, rises to order, as we phrase it: says, "It is a strange language his: unusual within the walls of a Parliament this; and from

a trusted servant too! and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"Come, come!" exclaimed my Lord General in a very high key; "we have had enough of this,"—and, in fact, my Lord General, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and clapping on his hat, and occasionally stamping the floor with his feet, begins a discourse which no man can report.

'He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. You shall now give place to better men. Call them in," adds he briefly to Harrison, in word of command, and some twenty or thirty grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances: grimly prompt for orders: and stand in some attitude of carrying arms there. Veteran men, men of might, and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions: and their feet are swift as the roe upon the mountains: not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament!" continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration. "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,"—and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottles. "Some of you are"—and he glares into Harry Martin and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both—"living in open contempt of God's commandments, following your own greedy appetites and the devil's commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons,"—and here I think he glared at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not,—"corrupt,



unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the gospel. How can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!"

'The House is of course all on its feet—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and gave it to a musketeer. And now—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares he will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand," on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished: flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved. "It's you that have forced me to this," exclaims my Lord General. "I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, that *he* might have prevented this, but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty. "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hairsplittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!"

'All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, was carried away by Colonel Otley:—and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come and remains.'

## ANDREW MARVELL.

The virtuous patriot Andrew Marvell represented his native town of Kingston-upon-Hull for a period of twenty years, and was one of the last members of Parliament who received pay from his constituents, the sum being four shillings a day! Although he frequently attacked King Charles II. in his satires, yet the king was very fond of his conversation, and tried every means to win him over to his side, but in vain. His inflexible integrity of principle was proof against all temptations, either of his own distresses (and he was often reduced to great poverty) or of the large offers made him by the court, which was earnest in endeavouring to gain a man of his talents and character to their side.

The king having had Marvell at the palace one night, when he was most cordially and splendidly entertained, sent the Lord Treasurer Danby the next morning to find out his lodgings, which were then up two pair of stairs, in one of the little courts in the Strand. Here he was busily engaged in writing, when the Treasurer abruptly opened the door upon him. Surprised at seeing such an unexpected visitor, he told his lordship he had, he believed, mistaken his way. 'Not now I have found Mr. Marvell,' replied the Lord Danby. He then assured him he was expressly sent from the king, and his message was to know what his Majesty could do to serve him. 'It is not in his Majesty's power to serve me, my lord,' answered Mr. Marvell jocularly; but the Lord Treasurer making a serious affair of it, he told him that he full well knew the nature of courts, having been in many, and that whoever is distinguished by the favour of the prince is always expected to vote in his interest. Lord Danby told him that his Majesty,

from the just sense he had of his merit alone, desired to know whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with. Mr. Marvell replied, with the utmost steadiness, that he could not with honour accept the offer, since, if he did, he must either be ungrateful to the king in voting against him, or false to his country in giving in to the measures of the court. The only favour which he begged therefore of his Majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and acting more truly in his proper interest while thus he refused his offers than he could possibly do should he accept them. The Lord Treasurer finding his solicitations to be quite fruitless, and that no arguments could prevail on him to accept any post under the Government, told him the king had ordered him a thousand pounds, which my lord hoped he would receive till he could think what further to ask of his Majesty. But Mr. Marvell continued equally inflexible to this temptation, and rejected the money with the same stedfastness of mind with which he had refused the proffer of a place, though he was at that instant so straitened for want of cash, that he was obliged, as soon as Lord Danby took his leave, to send to a friend to borrow a guinea, so far did the love of public good overrule all sense of private interest in his honest heart.

The character of Marvell as a senator is rather distinguished for integrity than talents. Mr. Marvell, during the time he was in Parliament, considered it as a bounden duty to transmit an account of all the proceedings in the House of Commons to his constituents; and he frequently asked advice of them. After the prorogation of Parliament in 1675, he thus demands instructions from those whom he represented:—

‘I desire,’ says he, ‘that you will consider whether there be

anything that particularly relates to the state of your town, and I shall strive to promote it to the best of my duty ; and in the more general concerns of the nation, shall maintain the same incorrupt mind and clear conscience, far from faction or any self ends, which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved.'

Mr. Marvell was so attentive to his political communications, that each letter contained a minute narrative of Parliamentary business. Such was his diligence, too, that he says 'he sits down to write at six in the evening, though he had not eat since the day before at noon ; and that it had become habitual to him to write to them every post during the sitting of Parliament.'

Mr. Marvell was, as we have said, one of the last members of Parliament that received wages from his constituents ; and he is said to have been the only one ever buried at their expense, the corporation of Hull voting £50 for that purpose.

He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had great influence without doors upon the members of both Houses. Prince Rupert particularly paid great regard to his counsels ; so much so, that whenever he voted according to the opinion of Marvell, which he often did, it was a saying of the opposite party, 'The Prince has been with his tutor.'

### WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was born in 1708. He entered Parliament in 1736, and was not long before he distinguished himself there.

In the Parliamentary session of 1740, Sir Charles Wager brought in a Bill for the encouragement of seamen and speedier manning the royal navy, which was strongly opposed by Mr. Pitt. His speech on this occasion produced an answer from Mr. H. Walpole, who in the course of it said : 'Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced ; and perhaps the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.' Mr. Walpole added some expressions such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, etc., which he applied to Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking. As soon as he sat down, Mr. Pitt rose, and made the following admirable reply :—

'The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

'Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining. But surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from rebukes.

‘Much more is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

‘But youth is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture or a dissimulation of one’s real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinion and language of other men.

‘In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such occasions, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

‘But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is

invaded, nor look in silence upon public delinquency. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggression, and drag the offenders to justice, whatever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.'

With the second ministry of Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, a splendid era began, which raised England at once, as if by magic, from the brink of ruin and degradation. The genius of one man completely informed and penetrated the mind of a whole nation. From the instant Mr. Pitt took the reins, the panic which had paralyzed every effort disappeared. Instead of mourning over former disgrace and dreading future defeats, the nation assumed in a moment the air of confidence, and awaited with impatience the tidings of victory.

The mastery Pitt obtained over the House of Commons was extraordinary, and of it some striking examples have been given. One of the first steps taken by him was to grant a large subsidy to Frederick the Great of Prussia, for carrying on the war against the Empress of Austria. This was connected with a total change which had already taken place in the continental policy of George II., and was intended to rescue Hanover from the hands of the French. Still there were many who had a traditional regard for the Empress of Austria, in whose defence England had expended more than £10,000,000. The grant was therefore strenuously opposed in the House, and Mr. Pitt was taunted with a desertion of his principles. In reply he defended himself, and maintained the necessity of the grant with infinite dexterity. 'It was,' says Horace Walpole, 'the most artful speech he ever made. He provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense; demanded never to be tried by events.' By degrees

he completely subdued the House, until a murmur of applause broke forth from every quarter. Seizing the favourable moment, he drew back with the utmost dignity, and placing himself in an attitude of defiance, exclaimed in his loudest tone, 'Is there an Austrian among you? Let him come forward and reveal himself!' The effect was irresistible. 'Universal silence,' says Walpole, 'left him arbiter of his own terms.'

At another time, Pitt had ended a speech, and was retiring from the House with a slow step, for he was severely afflicted with the gout. Silence reigned till the door was opened to let him pass into the lobby. A member then started up, and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I rise to reply to the right honourable gentleman.' Pitt, who had caught the words, turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down. He then returned towards his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the lines of Virgil, in which the poet, conducting Æneas through the shades below, describes the terror which his presence inspired among the ghosts of the Greeks who had fought at Troy:—

'The Grecian chief, and Agamemnon's host,  
When they beheld the man with shining arms  
Amid those shades, trembled with sudden fear:  
Part turned their backs in flight, as when they sought  
Their ships. . . . Part raised  
A feeble outcry; but the sound commenced  
Died on their gasping lips.'

When he reached his place, he exclaimed, 'Now let me hear what the honourable gentleman has to say to me!' One who was present, being asked whether the House was not convulsed with laughter at the ludicrous situation of the poor orator and



the aptness of the lincs, replied, 'No, sir, we were all too much awed to laugh.'

Lord Chatham's greatest effort was a speech which he delivered in the House of Lords on the 18th of November 1777, on a motion for an address to the Throne. Though sinking at the time under the weight of years and disease, the great orator seems animated by all the fire of youth. It would indeed be difficult to find in the whole range of Parliamentary history a more splendid blaze of genius, at once rapid, vigorous, and sublime. We may with profit extract a passage or two from his celebrated oration; and we shall begin with Lord Chatham's opinion on the conquest of America:—

'The desperate state of our arms abroad,' he says, 'is well known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it,—you cannot conquer America. Your armies last year effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general (Lord Amherst), now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America.

'My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in these campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the suffering, perhaps total loss, of the northern force,<sup>1</sup> the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the

<sup>1</sup> General Burgoyne's army.

American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distinct plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign potentate,—your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hiring cruelty! If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would lay down my arms—never—never—never !’

In the course of the debate, Lord Suffolk undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war. He contended that, besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle; for that ‘it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands.’

Here Lord Chatham rose again. ‘I am astonished, shocked,’ he said, ‘to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country,—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian !’

‘These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to

join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry<sup>1</sup> which adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted Armada of Spain ; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child ! to send forth infidel savages—against whom ? against your Protestant brethren ; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war ! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty : we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen

<sup>1</sup> The tapestry of the House of Lords represented the English fleet led by the ships of the Lord Admiral Effingham Howard (ancestor to Suffolk) to engage the Spanish Armada.

in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

‘My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and erroneous principles.’

Much of the success of Lord Chatham, it has been remarked, was owing, in part, to his extraordinary personal advantages. Few men have ever received from the hand of nature so many of the outward qualifications of the orator. In his best days, before he was crippled by the gout, his figure was tall and erect, his attitude imposing, his gestures energetic even to vehemence, yet tempered with dignity and grace. Such was the power of his eye, that he very often cowed down an antagonist in the midst of his speech, and threw him into utter confusion by a single glance of scorn or contempt. Whenever he rose to speak, his countenance glowed with animation, and was lighted up with all the varied emotions of the soul, so that Cowper describes him, in one of his bursts of patriotic feeling—

‘With all his country beaming in his face.’

It was his character as a man, however, which gave him his surprising ascendancy over his countrymen. All hearts were fascinated by his lofty bearing, his generous sentiment, his comprehensive policy, his grand conceptions of the height to which England might be raised as the arbiter of Europe, and his preference of her honour before all inferior material interests. ‘Every one felt,’ says a contemporary, ‘that the man was infinitely greater than the orator.’ Even the cool-

they belong to the Duke of Newcastle, and I trust he has come honestly by them.'

EDMUND BURKE.

'Burke,' says M. H. A. Taine in his *History of English Literature*, 'did not enter into Parliament, like Pitt and Fox, in the dawn of his youth, but at thirty-five; having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters, learned in law, history, philosophy, literature, master of such a universal erudition that he has been compared to Bacon. But what distinguished him from all other men was a wide, comprehensive intellect, which, exercised by philosophical studies and writings, seized the general aspects of things, and beyond text, constitutions, and figures, perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit, covering with his contempt those pretended statesmen, a vulgar herd of common journeymen, denying the existence of everything not coarse or material, and who, far from being capable of guiding the grand movements of an empire, are not worthy to turn the wheel of a machine. Beyond all those gifts, he possessed one of those fertile and precise imaginations which believe that finished knowledge is an inner view, which never quit a subject without having clothed it in its colours and forms, and which, passing beyond all statistics and the rubbish of dry documents, recompense and reconstruct before the reader's eyes a distant country and a foreign nation, with its monuments, dresses, landscapes, and all the shifting detail of its aspect and manners. To these powers of mind, which constitute a man of system, he added all those energies of heart which constitute an enthusiast.

Poor, unknown, having spent his youth in compiling for the publishers, he rose, by dint of work and personal merit, with a pure reputation and an unscathed conscience, ere the trials of his obscure life or the seductions of his brilliant career had fettered his independence or tarnished the flower of his loyalty. He brought to politics a horror of crime, a vivacity and sincerity of conscience, a humanity, a sensibility, which seem only suitable for a young man. He based human society on maxims of morality, insisted upon a high and pure tone of feeling in the conduct of public business, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and authorize the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes : against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people in France, the crimes of monopolists in India. He defended, with immense research and unimpeached disinterestedness, the Hindoos tyrannized over by English greed :—"Every man of rank and landed fortune being long since extinguished, the remaining miserable last cultivator who grows to the soil after having his back scored by the farmer, has it again flayed by the whip of the assignee, and is thus by a ravenous, because a short-lived, succession of claimants lashed from oppressor to oppressor, whilst a single drop of blood is left as the means of extorting a single grain of corn." He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice.'

The first published speech of Mr. Burke was that on American taxation, delivered on the 19th of April 1774. He had often dwelt on this topic in preceding years, but no attempt had been made to give any regular report of his speeches. In the present instance, it was late in the evening before he rose to address the House. The opening of the debate had been dull, and many of the members had with-

drawn into the adjoining apartments or places of refreshment. But the first sentences of his stinging exordium awakened universal attention. The news of what was going on spread quickly, and the members came crowding in, till the hall was filled to the utmost, and resounded throughout the speech with the loudest expressions of applause. Burke's talents had hitherto been highly estimated, but the House was now completely taken by surprise. Lord Townsend exclaimed aloud, at the close of one of those wonderful passages with which the speech abounds, 'Heavens! what a man is this! where could he acquire such transcendent powers?' The opening of his peroration in particular came with great force on the minds of all. 'Let us embrace,' said he, 'some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America and draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out; name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity, define its objects, provide for its collection, and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession; and do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object.'

The moment Burke closed, his friends came crowding round his seat, and urged him to commit what he had said to writing. He did so, and the speech was immediately given to the world as a protest against the headlong measures which threatened the dismemberment of the empire.

A speech delivered by Burke about four years after this, on the employment of the Indians in the war, was spoken of by his friends as the most powerful appeal which he ever made. Colonel Barré, in the fervour of his excitement, declared that if it could be written out, he would nail it on every church

door in the kingdom. Sir George Savile said, 'He who did not hear that speech has failed to witness the greatest triumph of eloquence within my memory.' Governor Johnstone remarked on the floor of the House, 'It was fortunate for the noble lords (North and Germaine) that spectators had been excluded during that debate; for if any had been present, they would have excited the people to tear the noble lords in pieces on their way home.'

The greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain was, it has been said, the speech delivered by Burke in Westminster Hall at the commencement of the trial of Warren Hastings in 1788. It was intended to give the members of the court a view of the character and condition of the inhabitants of India, to explain the power exercised by the East India Company, and the situation of the natives under the government of the English, and, at the same time, to point out the miseries they had endured through the agency of Hastings, and the motives by which he had been influenced in his multiplied acts of cruelty and oppression.

Burke's oration was, beyond description, wonderful. A writer adverse to the impeachment has remarked that he astonished even those who were most intimately acquainted with him, by the vast extent of his reading, the variety of his resources, the minuteness of his information, and the lucid order in which he arranged the whole for the support of his subject, and to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditory. The speech lasted for four days. On the third day he described the cruelties inflicted upon the natives by Debi Sing, one of Warren Hastings' agents; a convulsive shudder then ran through the whole assembly. 'In this part of his speech,' says the reporter, 'his descriptions were more vivid,



more harrowing, more horrible than human utterance, on either fact or fancy, perhaps ever formed before.' Burke himself at one time was so much overpowered, that he dropped his head upon his hands, and was unable for some minutes to proceed, whilst the bosoms of his auditors became convulsed with passion, and those of more delicate organism swooned away.

Even Warren Hastings himself, who, not having ordered their infliction, had always claimed that he was not involved in their guilt, was utterly overwhelmed. Alluding to the circumstances of his trial some time after, he said, 'For half an hour I looked up to the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth. But at length,' he added, 'I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I suffered.'

Such a speech it was impossible for any reporter adequately to record, and Burke never wrote it out for publication. He left numerous papers, however, from which, after his death, a continuous report was framed of this and his other speeches against Hastings, chiefly in his own language, though we cannot suppose that in the vehement passages mentioned above we have the exact expressions, the vivid painting, or impassioned energy with which he electrified Westminster Hall, and filled that vast assembly with mingled emotions of indignation and horror.

The conversational powers of Burke were as extraordinary as his ability as an orator. Even Dr. Johnson, whose acknowledged supremacy made him in most cases 'bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,' was soon conciliated or subdued by him. He spoke of him from the first in terms of

the highest respect. 'Burke,' said he, 'is an extraordinary man. His stream of talk is perpetual; he does not talk from any desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.' 'He is the only man,' said he at a later period, when Burke was at the zenith of his reputation, 'whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take him up where you please, he is ready to meet you.' 'No man of sense,' he said again, 'could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower without being convinced that he was the first man in England.'

Towards the close of Burke's career, his speeches fell comparatively flat in the House. This is partly to be ascribed to political animosity, and partly to the fact that his delivery was not so eloquent as the matter was excellent.

On one occasion, he had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain.' Mr. Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated, with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. On this occasion, George Selwyn remarked that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized—*A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.*

Richard Burke was once found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of power in Parliament by his brother Edmund. He was questioned by a friend as to the cause, and replied, 'I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I

remember when we were at play he was always at work.' The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure.

### HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan was born at Dublin on the 3d of July 1746. He was called to the bar in 1772, and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament three years later.

One of the great objects Grattan had in view, during his brilliant and useful career, was the complete independence of the Irish Parliament. Contrary to the advice of his friends, but with the voice of the nation in his favour, he made, on the 19th of April 1780, his memorable motion in the Irish House for a declaration of Irish Right. His speech on that occasion was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland. As a specimen of condensed and fervent argumentation, it indicates a high order of talent, while in brilliancy and style, pungency of application, and impassioned vehemence of spirit, it has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The conclusion especially is one of the most magnificent passages in our language. 'Hereafter,' he says, 'when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament<sup>1</sup>—shall the historian stop at *liberty*, and observe that here the principal men amongst us were found wanting, were awed by a weak ministry, bribed by an empty treasury, and when

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the rapid formation of the volunteer corps.

liberty was within their grasp, and her temple opened its folding doors, fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

‘I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen centuries; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment—tell us the rule by which we shall go: assert the law of Ireland! declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking for the subject’s freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty.

‘I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clinging to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand: the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off, the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.’

Mr. Grattan’s motion did not pass—the power of the English Government was too great in the Irish House of Commons to admit of that; but he was hailed throughout Ireland as the destined deliverer of his country. No Irishman had ever enjoyed before such unbounded popularity. He made a second motion on the same subject two years later, and the Declaration of Irish Right was carried almost without a dissenting voice.

As an expression of their gratitude for his services, the Parliament of Ireland voted the sum of £100,000 to purchase Mr. Grattan an estate. His feelings led him at first to decline the grant; but as his patrimony was inadequate to his support in the new position he occupied, he was induced by the interposition of his friends to accept one-half the amount.

### CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox was born in London in 1749. A few particulars of his early life strikingly illustrate the formation of his character. The boundless indulgence with which he was brought up, and the temptations to which he was systematically exposed from boyhood, not merely account for the errors of his maturer years, but greatly enhance our admiration of the qualities of head and heart that could go through such an ordeal essentially unimpaired. 'Mr. Fox's children were to receive no contradiction. Having promised Charles that he should be present when a garden wall was to be flung down, and having forgotten it, the wall was built up again, that he might perform his promise.' Lord Holland (Charles' uncle), after quoting this passage from the *Reminiscences of Sir G. Colebrook*, remarks, 'This was perhaps foolish; but the performance of a promise was the moral inculcated by the folly, and that, *ce me semble*, is no bad lesson.'

'Charles is dreadfully passionate; what shall we do with him?' said Lady Caroline. 'Oh, never mind,' replied Mr. Fox; 'he is a sensible little fellow, and will learn to curb himself.' Charles overheard this conversation, and adverting to it in after life, said, 'I will not deny that I was a very sensible little

fellow, a very clever little boy; and what I heard made an impression on me, and was of use to me afterwards.' This is related by Lord Russell. The three following anecdotes are given on good authority.

Once the *enfant terrible* wished to break a watch. 'Well,' said the father, 'if you must, I suppose you must.'

At another time, Lord Holland, as Secretary of State, was preparing some important papers, when Charles, going into the study, read, criticised, and burnt a despatch which was ready to be sealed. The father, without even reprimanding his boy, calmly got ready another copy of the despatch from the official draft.

Charles James in his childhood does not seem to have shown his mother much more deference than he showed his father. One day he heard her make a mistake in Roman history, and asking her, with utter contempt, what *she* knew about the Romans, he went on to explain how she was wrong.

He early acquired habits of dissipation, and contracted a mania for gambling, which grew to such a height that reading about it seems not unlike the perusal of a romance.

On the 8th February 1772, Gibbon writes to Holroyd in reference to a debate on the Church Establishment:—'By the bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard: his devotion cost him only about £500 per hour—in all, £11,000.'

On the 6th December 1773, Gibbon also wrote:—'You know Lord Holland is paying Charles' debts. They amount to £140,000. At a meeting of the creditors, his agent declared that, after deducting £6000 a year settled on Stephen (the eldest son), and a decent provision for his old age, the residue of his wealth amounted to no more than £90,000.'

Walpole mentions another separate payment of £20,000 for the debts of Stephen and Charles. In April 1772, Charles brought in a Bill to amend the Marriage Bill which his father had so vehemently opposed; and Walpole, after commending the ease, grace, and clearness of his speech, says:—

‘He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at Hoekeril, where he found company—had sat up all night drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his Bill, which he had not even drawn. This was genius, was almost inspiration.’

During the first three years of his Parliamentary career, Charles Fox, as if impatient (as Walpole remarks) to inherit his father's unpopularity, professed the same arbitrary principles; and it was his motion to commit Woodfall, accompanied by a fierce denunciation against the City and the Press, that caused Lord North, at the king's suggestion, to send the well-known note:—

‘His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.’

This dismissal was fortunate for his fame. It threw him into opposition, compelled him to take the Liberal side on all great questions, and eventually led to his being the chosen champion, the pride and boast, of the Whig party.

A French gentleman once expressed some surprise at the immense influence which Fox, a man of pleasure, ruined by the dice-box and the turf, exercised over the English nation. ‘You have not,’ said Pitt, ‘been under the wand of the magician.’

Notwithstanding many defects in his public speaking, Fox exercised a prodigious influence over his hearers. ‘He forgot

himself,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'and everything around him. He darted fire into his audience; torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions.'

### SHERIDAN.

At first Sheridan was far from being a success in the House of Commons. His maiden speech was delivered on the 20th of November 1780. The House listened to him with every mark of respect, but his appearance did not entirely satisfy his friends. Every one has heard how Woodfall, the reporter, used to relate that Sheridan came to him in the gallery, when the speech was ended, and asked with much anxiety what he thought of his first attempt. 'I am sorry to say,' replied Woodfall, 'that I don't think this is your line; you had better have stuck to your former pursuits.' Sheridan rested his head on his hand for some minutes, and then exclaimed with vehemence: 'It is in me, and it shall come out of me.' He thenceforth devoted himself with the utmost assiduity, quickened by a sense of shame, to the cultivation of his powers as a speaker; and having great ingenuity, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a boldness amounting almost to effrontery, he made himself at last most dexterous and effective in debate.

In February 1783, Mr. Sheridan first came into direct contact with Mr. Pitt, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is evident that the attack was premeditated on the part of Sheridan, in an ambitious aim to cope with this extraordinary young man, whose powers as an orator and a statesman were then the general theme of admiration. When the preliminaries



of peace came under consideration, Mr. Sheridan levelled some strong observations against Mr. Pitt, who could not well avoid taking notice of them. Alluding to Mr. Sheridan's dramatic connections and pursuits, he said, 'No man admired more than he did the abilities of the honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thoughts, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would, no doubt, receive what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive—the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegances, and he therefore must beg leave to call the attention of the House to a serious consideration of the very important question before them.'

Mr. Sheridan, in explanation, adverted in a forcible manner to his personality, saying, 'He need not comment on it, as the propriety, the taste, and the gentlemanly point of it must have been obvious to the House; but,' added he, 'let me assure the right honourable gentleman' that I do now, and will at any time when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour; nay, I will say more—flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption, to attempt an improvement of one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the angry boy in the *Alchymist*.'

This reciprocity of sarcastic ridicule occasioned much sport at the time; and the whimsical application of Sheridan's dramatic reading fixed upon his opponent an appellation which he did not get rid of for many years.

Sheridan's Begum speech has always been famous as an

extraordinary exhibition of eloquence. It was delivered in the House of Commons in 1787, in connection with the case of Warren Hastings. At its conclusion, the whole audience broke forth into expressions of tumultuous applause. Men of all parties vied with each other in their encomiums, and Mr. Pitt concluded his remarks by saying that 'an abler speech was perhaps never delivered.' A motion was made to adjourn, so that the House might have time to recover their calmness and 'collect their reason' after the excitement they had undergone. In seconding this motion, Mr. Stanhope declared that he had entered the House prepossessed in favour of Mr. Hastings, but that nothing less than a miracle could now prevent his voting for his impeachment. When, twenty years afterwards, Mr. Fox and Mr. Wyndham, two of the severest judges in England, spoke of this speech, they did so in terms of undiminished admiration. The former declared it to be the best speech ever made in the House of Commons. The latter said that 'the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting in the literary or in the Parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the greatest that had ever been delivered within the memory of man.'

An orator cannot always repeat his great successes. When the House of Commons resolved to impeach Warren Hastings, Sheridan was chosen as one of the managers, and the task assigned him was the charge relating to the Begums or princesses of Oude. He was thus called upon to reproduce, as far as possible, his splendid oration of the preceding year, in presence of an assembly still more dignified and august, and under circumstances calculated to excite all his ambition as a man and an orator.

The public had formed the most sanguine expectations. During the four days on which he spoke, the hall was crowded to suffocation ; and such was the eagerness to obtain admission, that in some instances fifty guineas were paid for a single ticket.

These apparently favourable circumstances without doubt operated to the injury of Sheridan. They aggravated those 'faults of taste' which were spoken of by Mr. Wyndham. They led him to indulge in many extravagances of language and sentiment ; and though all who heard it agreed in pronouncing it a speech of astonishing power, it must have been far inferior in true eloquence to his great original effort in the House of Commons. His success in the two speeches was celebrated by Byron in the following lines :—

'When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heaven, in her appeal to man,  
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod—  
The wrath—the delegated voice of God,  
Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed,  
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.'

But with all its defects, no extract can do justice to the speech in Westminster Hall.

'He has this day,' said Mr. Burke, 'surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory !—a display that reflects the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon Parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate,

the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos, and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.'

The task of selection from such a treasury of excellence is difficult ; but the following apostrophe may suffice to show the justness of Mr. Burke's encomium :—

'O faith ! O justice ! I conjure you, by your sacred names, to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence, nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat, where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrink back aghast from the deleterious shade—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest bend, the most unfeeling shrink : the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train, but far from idle and inactive, turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaits him ; the multiplied apparatus of temporizing expedients and intimidating instruments—now cringing

on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance ; now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart ; the attachments and decorums of life ; each emotion of tenderness and honour ; and all the distinctions of national characteristics, with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish—*LOWER than PERDITION, BLACKER than DESPAIR.*'

It has been said by Buffon that 'genius is patience,' and the remark is well illustrated by the case of Sheridan. It fully appears from Moore's biography that all the brilliant passages in Sheridan's plays were very carefully elaborated, written over and over again, and not left till they were incapable of further polish. So also the written draughts of his speeches remain to prove that all the showy passages were written two or three times over, upon small detached pieces of paper or cards, often without any material change in their form.

'A curious instance,' adds the biographer, 'of the care with which he treasured up the felicities of his wit, appears in the use he made of one of those epigrammatic passages which the reader may remember among the memoranda for his *Comedy of Affectation*, and which in its first form ran thus :—"He certainly has a great deal of fancy and a very good memory ; but with a perverse ingenuity he employs these qualities as no other person does ; for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollection for his wit :—when he makes his jokes, you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." After many efforts to express this thought more concisely, and to reduce the language of it to that condensed and elastic state in which alone it gives force to the projectiles

of wit, he kept the passage by him patiently for some years, till he at length found an opportunity of turning it to account in a reply, I believe, to Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons, when, with the most extemporaneous air, he brought it forth in the following compact and pointed form :—"The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."

Mr. Sheridan always lived and acted without any regular system for the government of his conduct: the consequence was, as might have been expected, that he became the sport of capricious friendship; and when the winter of his days approached, he experienced the mutability of political connections, and the folly of neglecting those resources which can alone support the mind in every exigency, and minister to its comfort in the dreariness of solitude. Home, though the abode of domestic virtue and affection, was no longer safe to a man so long known and so much courted by numerous applicants, to avoid whose troublesome inquiries, and to gain a respite from anxiety, he passed much of his time in coffee-houses and taverns. Frequent inebriety was the result of such a course of life; and the effects of it upon his constitution, which had been naturally a very robust one, soon appeared in his countenance and his manners. Yet, sinking as he now was into the lowest state of human declension, occasional sallies of humour escaped him, even when he was unable to stand, or scarcely to articulate. Coming very late one night out of a tavern, he fell; and being too much overpowered with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode, to which he replied by referring to a coffee-house, and hiccuping that he was Mr *Wil-ber-force*.

Previous to the celebrated debate that took place in 1805, on the *Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry*, Sheridan was observed in a coffee-house near the House of Commons, with tea, pens, ink, and paper before him. For some time he sat drinking tea and making memoranda, when he called the waiter to bring him some brandy. A half-pint tumbler was immediately brought him, when, continuing awhile drinking his tea, he at length collected his papers, put them into his pocket, and swallowing his half-pint of brandy at a draught, like a glass of porter, he went to the House, where he made one of the best speeches ever delivered by him, alike remarkable for keenness of argument and brilliancy of wit, and this under the influence of a potion that would wholly have deprived most men of their faculties.

For the last few years of Mr. Sheridan's public life, he seldom spoke in Parliament ; and when he did speak, he was no longer distinguished for the ardour of his attacks, the pertinacity and promptness of his questions, or the brilliancy of his replies. He, however, terminated his political career with a splendid proof of eloquence. This was in 1812, when the overtures for peace which had then recently been made by France were the subject of discussion. He declared resistance to Buonaparte, even with the hazard of defeat, to be absolutely necessary, and concluded with the following animated sentence, which was the last he uttered in Parliament :—' If we fall,' said he, ' in this great struggle, and if, after our ruin, there shall possibly rise a historian able to appreciate the merits and importance of events, his language will be : " Britain fell, and fell with her all the best securities for the charities of human life : the power, the honour, the fame, the glory, and the liberties, not only of herself, but of the whole civilised world." '

## WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, the illustrious statesman, was born in 1759, and was the second son of the Earl of Chatham, to whose glorious career we have already referred. It may be that genius runs in families; and if so, William Pitt is a noble example of it. Unfortunately, however, for the case of those who argue that great ancestors are usually succeeded by great descendants, his elder brother was as indolent and incapable as he was active and able. It was John Pitt, the second Earl of Chatham, who commanded the expedition to Walcheren in 1809, the disastrous failure of which was owing to his bad management and total disregard of his instructions. His conduct on this occasion gave rise to the famous epigram—

‘Great Chatham, with his sabre drawn,  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at ‘em,  
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.’

We shall pass over the youth of William Pitt, and the laborious studies by which he prepared himself for carrying out the one idea of his boyhood, that of becoming a distinguished orator. He entered Parliament in January 1781, and delivered his maiden speech on the 26th of February. It was wholly unpremeditated, and gave a wonderful exhibition of the readiness and fertility of his mind. A Bill on Economical Reform was under discussion, and when Lord Nugent rose to oppose it, Mr. Byng, a member for Middlesex, asked Mr. Pitt to come forward in reply. He partly assented, but afterwards changed his mind, and determined not to speak. Byng, who understood him otherwise, whenever Lord Nugent resumed his seat, called out, ‘Pitt, Pitt!’ and the cry at once



became general throughout the House. At first he declined. The House, however, seemed determined to hear him; so he rose with entire self-possession, took up the argument with all the dexterity and force of a veteran debater, and threw over the whole a glow, an elegance, a richness of thought and fervour of emotion, which called forth a round of applause from every quarter of the House.

When he had ended, Burke took him by the hand, declaring that he was 'not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.' Fox carried him to Brooke's on the adjournment of the House, and had him enrolled among the *élite* of the Whigs; and the nation felt that the mantle of Lord Chatham had fallen upon one who was already qualified to go forth in the 'spirit and power' of his illustrious predecessor. Thus at the age of twenty-two Pitt placed himself at a single bound in the foremost rank of English statesmen and orators, at the proudest era of English eloquence.

So rapid was Pitt's rise as a politician, that he became Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four, under circumstances wholly unprecedented in the history of this or any other country. An overwhelming majority was arrayed against him in the House, led on by the most eloquent men of the age, inflamed by a sense of injury and disappointed ambition. So hopeless did his prospect of remaining in power appear, that a motion for a new writ to fill his place for the borough of Appleby was received with a general burst of laughter.

In the contest which followed, and which turned the eyes of the whole empire on the House of Commons for nearly three months, the young minister's situation was not only trying beyond measure in a political point of view, but, as Wraxall observes, 'appeared at times to be not wholly exempt from

personal danger. Fox might be said, without exaggeration, to hold suspended over his head the severest marks of the indignation of the offended House. His removal from the king's presence and counsels as an enemy of his country; his impeachment, or his commitment to the Tower; any or all of these propositions might, nay, might *certainly* have been carried in moments of effervescence, when the passions of a popular assembly, inflamed by such a conductor as Fox, seemed to be ripe for any acts of violence.'

Under these circumstances, Mr. Pitt displayed a presence of mind, a skill and boldness in repelling attacks, a dexterity in turning the weapons of his adversaries against themselves, and making the violence of their assault the very means of their final discomfiture, which we cannot even now contemplate, as remote spectators of the scene, without wonder and admiration.

Shortly afterwards, Parliament was dissolved, and at the general election which followed, the voice of the nation was expressed decidedly in Pitt's favour. From this period, for seventeen years, and after a short interval during three years more, Pitt swayed the destinies of England under circumstances for the most part more perilous and appalling than have fallen to the lot of any British statesman in modern times.

One of Pitt's most famous speeches was delivered in the House of Commons on the 2d of April 1792, in connection with the abolition of the slave trade. Wilberforce had made a motion for its immediate suppression. His opponents argued, however, that the object aimed at by Mr. Wilberforce would be secured with far greater ease and certainty by a gradual than by an immediate abolition. This called forth a

reply from Pitt, one of the ablest pieces of mingled argument and eloquence which he ever produced. He first took up the question of *expediency*, comparing the two schemes of gradual and immediate abolition; and while he put down the opposition completely on every point, he showed admirable tact in so doing it as to leave no room for mortified feeling or personal resentment. He then proceeded to his main ground, that of *right*:—‘I come now to Africa! Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than for gradual abolition!’ On this topic he put forth all his strength, exposing in tones of lofty and indignant eloquence the complicated enormities of a system which had made the shores of Africa for centuries a scene of cruelty and bloodshed, and brought infamy on the character of Christian nations engaged in this guilty traffic.

Mr. Wilberforce says in his journal: ‘Wyndham, who has no love for Pitt, tells me that Fox and Grey, with whom he walked home from this debate, agreed in thinking Pitt’s speech one of the most wonderful displays of eloquence that they had ever heard. For the last twenty minutes he really seemed to be inspired.’

On the 18th of May 1803, war was declared against the French Republic, and on the 23d and 24th occurred one of the most memorable debates which ever took place in the House of Commons. On the first night Pitt spoke, and on the second Fox, and both exerted their powers to the utmost. Of Pitt’s speech Lord Malmesbury says, ‘Pitt’s speech last night was the finest he ever made. Never was any speech so cheered, or so incessantly and loudly applauded.’

But the best account we have of it is from a letter of Lord

Dudley, then Mr. Ward. 'Whatever,' he says, 'may have been its comparative merits, its effects were astonishing, and I believe unequalled. When he came in, which he did not till after Lord Hawkesbury had been speaking nearly an hour, all the attention of the House was withdrawn from the orator and fixed on him; and as he walked up to his place, his name was repeated aloud by several persons, for want, I imagine, of some other way to express their feelings. Erskine and Whitbread were heard with impatience; and when, at the end of a tedious hour and a half, he rose (twenty minutes to eight), there was first a violent and almost universal cry of "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!"

'He was then cheered before he uttered a syllable—a mark of approbation which was repeated at almost all the brilliant passages and remarkable sentiments; and when he sat down (nine), there followed one of the longest, most eager, and most enthusiastic bursts of applause I ever heard in any place on any occasion. As far as I observed, however, it was confined to the Parliamentary "Hear him! Hear him!" but it is possible the exclamations in the body of the House might have prevented me from hearing the clapping of hands in the gallery.

'This wonderful agitation, you will readily perceive, it would not be fair to ascribe wholly to the superiority of his eloquence on that particular occasion. He was applauded before he spoke, which is alone a sufficient proof. Much must be attributed to his return at such an awful moment to an assembly which he had been accustomed to rule, from which he had been long absent, and in which he had not left a successor; some little, perhaps, to his addressing a new Parliament, in which there were many members by whom he

had never or rarely been heard, and whose curiosity must of course have been raised to the highest pitch.'

A public funeral and a monument were voted to Pitt by Parliament. The funeral took place on the 22d of February 1806; the corpse, having lain in state for two days in the Painted Chamber, was borne with great pomp to its resting-place in the northern transept of Westminster Abbey. A splendid train of princes, nobles, and privy councillors followed. The grave of Pitt had been made near the spot where his great father, Lord Chatham, lay, and near also to the place where his illustrious rival Fox was soon to be interred. Wilberforce, who carried the banner before Pitt's hearse, has described the ceremony with deep feeling. 'As the coffin descended into the earth,' he says, 'the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory.'

The graves of Fox and Pitt, in Westminster Abbey, are situated only a few inches from each other. Sir Walter Scott thus moralizes on the fact, in the introduction to the first canto of *Marmion* :—

'Where—taming thought to human pride!—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry—  
"Here let their discord with them die;  
Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;  
But search the land of living men,  
Where wilt thou find their like again?"'

Pitt and Fox, notwithstanding their political hostility,

entertained the utmost respect for each other's talents. After the close of the first session in which Mr. Pitt appeared in Parliament, a friend of Mr. Fox saying, 'Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons,' he instantly replied, 'He is so already.' From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, in addressing the electors of Westminster soon after he had resigned the seals as Secretary of State, and Mr. Pitt had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, bore the highest testimony to the talents of his rival; and at a late period of Mr. Pitt's administration, he said that 'he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once.' Mr. Pitt also considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any of his opponents as a debater in the House of Commons.

Few ministers have shown greater disinterestedness in money matters, and superiority to the little things which mere courtiers term great, than William Pitt. Soon after he became First Lord of the Treasury, and at a moment when his continuance in that situation was extremely questionable, he was offered by his Majesty a clerkship worth £3000 a year, but respectfully declined accepting it. Having been only a short time in his Majesty's service, he conceived that he had no claim upon the public; and the very peculiar circumstances in which he stood, instead of operating as an inducement to seize that opportunity of securing to himself a provision,

determined him to advise that the office should be disposed of in a way that would benefit neither himself nor any relation or friend. Colonel Barré, his *political opponent*, had a pension of £3000 a year; and to save this sum to the country, Mr. Pitt got the clerkship conferred on the colonel. Mr. Pitt was afterwards offered the Garter as a mark of his Majesty's esteem; but this also he declined. The king was so much struck with these admirable traits in Mr. Pitt's character, that on a subsequent occasion, on his applying for a tellership in behalf of a friend's son, his Majesty, while he granted the appointment, added in a note that he should have been better pleased to see some arrangement in favour of Mr. Pitt himself. When Mr. Pitt at length condescended to accept of the sinecure appointment of Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was literally *thrust upon* him by his royal master. The moment the office became vacant by the death of the Earl of Guildford, the king sent the following letter to Mr. Pitt:—

‘WINDSOR, August 6, 1792.

‘Having this moment received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt that the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive recommendations, having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall be severely offended at any attempt to decline. I have entrusted these my intentions to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas.’

Mr. Pitt had now been Prime Minister nearly nine years, he had abandoned a lucrative profession to devote himself to the public service, and he had expended the whole of his

private fortune, in addition to his official income, in maintaining the dignity of his station; and under all these circumstances, he conceived he did himself no dishonour by accepting with gratitude this mark of his sovereign's kindness and approbation. Nor has the propriety of his conduct ever been called in question by any party or person; for he

'Who govern'd kingdoms left no wealth behind.'

In the early part of the year 1789, when the nation was in a state of despondency respecting the health of George the Third, and a change in the administration was thought extremely probable, it occurred to several gentlemen of the first respectability in the city of London, that Mr. Pitt on quitting office would be in a situation of great embarrassment, not only from some debts which he had unavoidably incurred, but as to the means of his subsistence. They felt the strong impression, in which the nation participated, of his great virtues, as well as of his eminent talents; and they were sensible, in common with the major part of their countrymen, of the value of those services to which his life had been hitherto devoted, particularly to those commercial interests in which they were deeply concerned. Under this impression, a certain number of merchants and shipowners met, and resolved to raise the sum of £100,000, to be presented to him as a free gift, the well-earned reward of his meritorious exertions; each subscriber engaging never to divulge the name of himself or of any other person contributing, in order to prevent its being known to any one except themselves who the contributors were. The only exception to this engagement of secrecy was a respectable baronet, who was deputed to learn from a friend of the minister's in what



manner the token of esteem and gratitude (as it was expressed) could be presented most acceptably to Mr. Pitt.

Highly flattering as the offer was, and seasonable as the act would have been, the friend applied to entertained doubts of Mr. Pitt accepting the proffered bounty, and therefore thought it right to apprize him of the intention. This occasioned a long discussion on the subject, which ended in Mr. Pitt expressing a positive and fixed determination to decline the acceptance of this liberal and generous offer, a determination that nothing could shake; for when it was urged that it never could be known to him who the subscribers were, and they were men whose fortunes put them out of all probability of ever soliciting the smallest favour from him, his reply was, 'that if he should at any future time of his life return to office, he should never see a gentleman from the city without its occurring to him that he might be one of his subscribers.'

This positive determination was communicated to the baronet before alluded to, which put an end to the measure; and in a few days after, Mr. Pitt, in conversing about his future plans, remarked that, had he lost his situation in the ministry, he had taken a fixed resolution to return to the bar, and to apply unremittingly to that profession, in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, and to secure, as far as he should be able, the means of future independence.

### GEORGE CANNING.

One of the most finished and effective of Canning's oratorical displays was a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823. It was

much admired at the time, not only for the political views which it expressed, but especially for the beautiful allusion it contained to the ships in ordinary as an emblem of England while reposing in the quietude of peace. It may interest the reader to peruse the passage, which is as follows :—

‘While we control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace either because we fear or because we are unprepared for war. On the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war: in cherishing these resources, we but accumulate those means.

‘Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and all its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.

‘But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a

war sustained for near a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her or at her side—England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.’

### LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lord Brougham was his speech on Law Reform in 1827. We shall do well to transcribe, as a specimen of his highest eloquence, the conclusion of this wonderful oration :—

‘You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the north—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast, “I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand !” You have vanquished him in the field ; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace ! Outstrip him as a lawyer whom in arms you overcame. The lustre of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the sovereign’s boast, when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap ; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter ; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor ; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence !’

There is a lesson to be drawn from our study of these great orators. Cicero, like nearly every other great man, gives in his life a testimony to the value and necessity of the diligent culture of the mind for the attainment of eminence. His education for oratory was most laborious. He himself declared that no man ought to pretend to the character of an orator without being previously acquainted with everything worth knowing in nature and art, as eloquence unbased on knowledge is no better than the prattle of a child. He was twenty-six years old before he considered himself properly accomplished for the practice of his profession.

It is encouraging to read the opinions of eminent men on the subject of the attainment of success in life. The reader, therefore, will not be dissatisfied to have here presented to him the following extract from a speech addressed to the students at Glasgow University by an eminent statesman—Sir Robert Peel:—

‘Let me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings of youth, who drank from the same pure spring at which you allay the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation,—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms of political party,—let me bring the living testimony of experience to confirm the truth of those precepts which you hear from the high authority of those distinguished men of whom your instruction is the peculiar province.

‘Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much less dependent on the caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control than to superficial observers they appear to be. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion.

Whatever be your pursuit, whatever the profession you may choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you. The great ocean of truth lies expanded before you. "I do not know," said Newton at the close of his illustrious career,—"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." Every advance in knowledge has served to extend it on every side: it has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before imperfectly comprehended: it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge.

'I have said that the field for exertion is boundless; I have said that the avenues to distinction are free, and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I am the son of a man who founded his own fortunes by dint of honest and laborious exertion in those very pursuits of active industry which are still elevating so many to affluence and to honourable station; yet by the favour and confidence of my sovereign, I have been called to the highest trust which a subject can execute, that of administering the government of this great country. I repeat, there is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed. Yes, even if what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by discipline, can hope to attain.

‘There may be—there are, no doubt—original differences in different persons, in the depth and in the quality of the intellectual mine; but in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of the mine depends, in by far the greatest degrees, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which is applied to it.

‘Do I say that you can command success without difficulty? No. Difficulty is the condition of success. Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen—the illustrious Mr. Burke. Enter, then, into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside. Say not, “There is a lion in the path;” resolve upon mastering it, and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, which will make all future conquests easy.

‘Practise the economy of time: consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate,—that every moment of it well applied, is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, as the result of successful application, depends in a great measure upon the economy of time. If you will consider our faculties as the gift of nature, by far the first in value, you will

be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and therefore almost indefinite improvement, that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired:—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds and your own habits which shall ensure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance.'



## GREAT LAWYERS AND JUDGES.

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*'What is justice?—To give every man his due.'*—ARISTOTLE.

Thomas à Becket—Judge Gascoigne—Wolsey—Thomas Cromwell—Sir Thomas More—Sir Edward Coke—Lord Bacon—John Selden—David Jenkins—Sir Matthew Hale—Lord Chief-Justice Holt—Lord Mansfield—Thomas Erskine—John Philpot Curran—Sir Samuel Romilly—Sir James Mackintosh.

### THOMAS A BECKET.

**T**HOMAS A BECKET is remarkable as the first Englishman, since the latter days of William the Conqueror, on whom any great office either in church or state had been conferred by the kings of the Norman race; the exclusion of the English from all dignities having been a matter of policy, which had been delivered down by that monarch to his sons.

The death of King Stephen, on the 25th of October 1154, enabled his successor Henry II. to show his appreciation of Becket's talents. There seems little doubt that immediately after his coronation he nominated him his Chancellor, although some historians affix a later date to his appointment.

During the eight years of Becket's Chancellorship, the chief



justiciaries were Robert de Beaumont (Earl of Leicester) and Richard de Luci; and to the united efforts of these three, aided and encouraged by the wisdom of the king, we must attribute that amelioration in the state of the country which became visible before many years of the reign had elapsed, in the removal of private oppression, the suppression of robbers, the restoration of property wrongfully withheld, the improvement of agriculture, and the encouragement of all peaceful arts.

His more laborious occupations were relieved by those diversions in which the court indulged, his apparent devotion to which could not but be gratifying to a youthful and joyous king. By some it is said that this compliance with the ways of the world was for the express purpose of riveting the influence he possessed over the royal mind. Nor are less innocent amusements omitted to be charged against him, which, on the other side, are met by an indignant denial. But, however it may have been gained, his intimate footing with Henry is undoubted.

Of his conduct, habits, and demeanour while he continued Chancellor, we have a very graphic and trustworthy account from his secretary Fitzstephen, some of the more remarkable passages of which we may set down here:—

‘The Chancellor’s house and table were open to all of every degree about the court who wished to partake of his hospitality, and who were, or appeared to be, respectable. He hardly ever sat down to dinner without earls and barons whom he had invited; he ordered the rooms in which he entertained company to be daily covered during winter with clean straw and hay, and in summer with clean rushes and boughs, for the gentlefolks to lie down upon, who, on account of their numbers, could not be accommodated at the tables, so that their fine

clothes might not be soiled by a dirty floor. His house was splendidly furnished with gold and silver vessels, and was plentifully supplied with the most costly meats and drinks.

‘The prime nobility of England and the neighbouring kingdoms sent their sons to be servants to the Chancellor. He gave these young men handsome entertainment and a liberal education; and when he had seen them duly admitted into the order of knighthood, he returned them back to their fathers and relations. Some he retained near his own person. The king himself entrusted his own son, the heir-apparent of the kingdom, to be brought up by him; and the Chancellor maintained the prince with all suitable honour, together with many sons of the nobility of the same age, and all their train, instructors, and servants.

‘Many nobles and knights paid homage to the Chancellor, which he received with a saving of their allegiance to the king, and he then maintained and supported them as their patron.

‘When he was going beyond sea, he had a fleet of six or more vessels for his own use; and he carried over free of expense all who wished to cross at the same time. When he was landed, he recompensed the masters and the sailors of his ships to their heart’s content. Hardly a day passed in which he did not give away magnificent presents, such as horses, hawks, apparel, gold or silver furniture, or sums of money. He was an example of the sacred proverb, *Some bountifully give away all that belongs to them, and still always abound; while others seize what does not belong to them, and are always in want.* So gracefully did the Chancellor confer his gifts, that he was reckoned the charm and delight of the whole Latin world.

‘The Chancellor was in high favour with the king, the

clergy, the army, and the people, on account of his eminent virtues, his greatness of mind, and his good deeds, which seemed to spring spontaneously from his heart. Serious business being finished, the king and he consorted as young comrades of the same station—whether in the palace, in church, in private society, or in excursions on horseback.

‘One cold, wintry day they were riding together through the streets of London, when they observed an old beggar-man coming towards them, wearing a worn-out, tattered garment. Said the king to the Chancellor, “Do you see that man?”

‘*Chancellor*—“I see him.”

‘*King*—“How poor—how wretched—how naked he is! Would it not be great charity to give him a thick, warm cloak?”

‘*Chancellor*—“Great, indeed; and you, as king, ought to have a disposition and an eye for such things.”

‘Meanwhile the beggar comes up: the king stops, and the Chancellor along with him. The king in a mild tone addresses the beggar, and asks him if he would like to have a good cloak. The beggar, not knowing who they were, thought it was all a joke.

‘*The king to the Chancellor*—“You indeed shall have all the grace of this great charity;” and putting his hands on a very fine new cloak of scarlet and ermine which the Chancellor then wore, he struggled to pull it off, and the Chancellor did his best to retain it.

‘A great scuffle and tumult arising, the rich men and knights who formed their train, in astonishment hastened to find out what sudden cause of contest had sprung up, but could gain no information: both the contending parties were eagerly engaged with their hands, and seemed as if about to tumble to

the ground. After a certain resistance, the Chancellor allowed the king to be victorious, to pull off his cloak, and to give it to the beggar. The king then told the whole story to his attendants, who were all convulsed with laughter. There was no want of offers from them of cloaks and coats to the Chancellor. The old beggar-man walked off with the Chancellor's valuable cloak, enriched beyond his hopes, rejoicing and giving thanks to God.<sup>1</sup>

'Sometimes the king took his meals in the dining-hall of the Chancellor, for the sake of amusement, and to hear the stories told at his table and in his house. While the Chancellor was sitting at table, the king would be admitted into the hall on horseback, sometimes with a dart in his hand, returning from the chase or riding to cover; sometimes he merely drank a cup of wine, and having saluted the Chancellor, retreated; sometimes jumping over the table, he sat down and partook of the banquet. Never in any Christian age were two men more familiar or friendly.'

Henry loaded Becket with new benefits, granting him the prebend of Hastings and the wardenship of the castles of Eye and Berkhamstead, to the former of which 140 knights were attached. The custody also of various bishoprics and abbeys was entrusted to him, from the proceeds of which much of his lavish expenditure was no doubt supplied.

The external dignity of the office of Chancellor must have been considerably enhanced by the publicity of Henry's

<sup>1</sup> 'It is impossible,' remarks Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, 'not to admire the *finesse* with which Fitzstephen tells this story, particularly the courtly acquiescence of the Chancellor after a proper resistance, and the profusion of offers of coats and cloaks to the Chancellor, then the favourite, and the distributor of the favours of the Crown.'

favour, and by the profuseness of the favourite. They formed, in fact, the first step towards that advanced position which the possessor of the Great Seal eventually obtained in the councils of the kingdom. It would almost seem that it was with some view 'of promoting such an advance, that, in the embassy Becket undertook to the court of France in 1158 to ask the Princess Margaret in marriage for Henry's eldest son, he redoubled his habitual magnificence, and exhibited so pompous a cavalcade as to strike all beholders with wonder. When the procession entered some town or village making a prodigious clatter, the Frenchmen, says Fitzstephen, hearing the noise, came running out, inquiring, '*Whose family can this be?*' Being answered, '*Behold the Chancellor of England going on a mission to the King of France,*' they exclaimed, '*How wonderful must be the King of England himself, whose Chancellor travels in such state!*' At Paris he made a gorgeous display. He prevented Louis from paying him the customary compliment of providing for the ambassador's expenses, by contriving to anticipate the supply; he distributed his gold and silver, his jewels and plate, and even his rich apparel, in gifts around him; and the sumptuousness of his table amazed even the Parisians, by whom a dish of eels which cost a hundred shillings was not soon forgotten.

'In the following year,' says Mr. Foss in his valuable work on the judges of England, 'he appeared in a new character. The war of Toulouse broke out, occasioned by Henry's claim to that duchy in right of his wife Eleanor, whose former husband, Louis, king of France, insisted, on his side, on his power to dispose of it. It was on this occasion that, under the advice of Becket, a payment for every knight's fee, under the name of scutage, was first substituted for personal military service; and

a new element was thus introduced into national warfare by the employment of mercenaries. Becket at his own expense led to the field no less than 700 knights, and a numerous and splendid retinue, heading them on every enterprise, and performing many acts of personal bravery. A French knight named Engelraur de Trie was unhorsed by him in single combat, and left his steed as a trophy to the victor. After the retreat of King Henry, Becket remained behind, and with the aid of Henry de Essex, took Cahors and other towns, and supported the king's name by his valour and conduct.

‘These acts, though somewhat inconsistent with his clerical character, and productive of some remarks among his contemporaries, do not appear to have detracted from the general estimation in which he was held, nor to have raised any doubts as to his being elevated eventually to the highest ecclesiastical dignity.

‘On the death of Archbishop Theobald in April 1161, the king resolved to advance his favourite to the primacy; but the election did not take place till May in the following year. The delay is attributed by some to Becket's own repugnance to accept the appointment, and the conviction he felt that it would place the king and himself in collision. By others it is ascribed to the remonstrances of the English bishops and the Canterbury monks, together with the warnings of Matilda, the queen-mother, against the nomination of a man of so active and resolute a disposition. Nevertheless the king, who considered that his own views would be forwarded by this promotion, persisted in his purpose, and Becket was consecrated on June 3, 1162, having been ordained priest on the day before.

‘Henry soon discovered his mistake. He at once lost a

companion, a friend, and a counsellor, and obtained in their stead an opponent to his claims, a rival to his greatness, and a disturber of his peace.'

Becket's end is too well known to need recounting.

### JUDGE GASCOIGNE.

The name of Judge Gascoigne we mention with respect. To most readers it will recall but one, and that a noted incident.

A favourite servant of King Henry v. when Prince of Wales was indicted for a misdemeanour, and notwithstanding the interest he exerted in his behalf, was convicted and condemned. The prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial, that, forgetting his own dignity and the respect due to the administration of justice, he rushed into court, and commanded that his servant should be unfettered and set at liberty. The Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoigne, mildly reminded the prince of the reverence which was due to the ancient laws of the kingdom, and advised him, if he had any hope of exempting the culprit from the rigour of the sentence, to apply for the gracious pardon of the king his father, a course of proceeding which would be no derogation to either law or justice. The prince, far from being appeased by this discreet answer, hastily turned towards the prisoner, and was attempting to take him by force out of the hands of the officers, when the Chief Justice, roused by so flagrant a contempt of authority, commanded the prince on his allegiance instantly to leave the prisoner and quit the court. Henry, all in a fury, stepped up to the judgment-seat, with the intention, as every one thought,

of doing some personal injury to the Chief Justice ; but he quickly stopped short, awed by the majestic sternness which frowned from the brow of the judge as he thus addressed him : ' Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double allegiance. In his name, therefore, I charge you to desist from your disobedience and unlawful enterprise, and henceforth give a better example to those who shall hereafter be your own subjects. And now, for the contempt and disobedience you have shown, I commit you to the prison of the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the king your father be known.'

Henry, by this time sensible of the insult he had offered the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to jail by the officers of justice. His father, Henry iv., was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he exclaimed in a transport of joy, ' Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws ; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to the punishment inflicted for offending them.'

The prince himself, when he came to be king, speaking of Sir William Gascoigne, said, ' I shall ever hold him worthy of his place and of my favour ; and I wish that all my judges may possess the like undaunted courage to punish offenders, of what rank soever.'

Here is the account given by one of our old chroniclers of the prince's committal to prison : ' It happened,' he says, ' that a servant of Prince Henry, afterwards the fifth English king of that name, was arraigned before this judge, Sir William Gascoigne, for felony, whom the prince, then present, endeavoured to take away, coming up in such fury, that the



beholders believed he would have stricken the judge. But he, sitting without moving, according to the majesty he represented, committed the prince prisoner to the King's Bench, there to remain till the pleasure of the prince's father were further known: who, when he heard thereof by some pick-thank courtier, who probably expected a contrary return, gave God thanks for His infinite goodness, who at the same instant had given him a judge who could administer, and a son who could obey, justice.' Our great national dramatist puts these words into his mouth:—

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son;  
And not less happy having such a son  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.'

It is a fine scene in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, where the future conqueror of Agincourt, after his accession to the throne, meets the independent judge:—

'*King.*—You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
And I do wish your honour may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you and obey you as I did.  
You did commit me:  
For which I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword that you have used to bear,  
With this remembrance, that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me.'

## CARDINAL WOLSEY.

We come now to another churchman who held the post of Lord Chancellor—the famous Cardinal Wolsey.

On the accession of Henry VIII., Wolsey had completed his thirty-eighth year. His clerical position gave him ready access to the court, and he did not fail to recommend himself to the new sovereign by his wit and gaiety. He tempered his wit and gaiety, however, with discretion, so as not to outrage his ecclesiastical character, nor yet to conceal those more solid qualities which he must have been conscious of possessing.

Soon Henry availed himself of his services, appointing him one of his council, and on the 8th of November 1509 granting him the office of almoner. He was thus placed in intimate communication with the king, and he contrived gradually to relieve the youthful monarch of most of his political labours. For this he met with an abundant reward: he became an acknowledged favourite, and not only received the usual royal compensations for his assiduity, but, according to Cavendish, ‘presents, gifts, and rewards came in so plentifully, that he lacked nothing that might either please his fantasy or enrich his coffers.’

Professional preferment was not long of following. Then, in June 1513, when King Henry undertook the expedition against France, Wolsey not only accompanied him, but had the sole direction of the supplies and provisions of the royal army. He was present at the capture of Terouenne and Tournay, and was rewarded with the bishopric of the latter. In 1514 we find him raised to the episcopal bench as Bishop of Lincoln; and in the same year he attained the highest

position he ever held in the Church—he became Archbishop of York. On September 7, in the following year, he received the cardinal's hat from Leo x., with the title of St. Cecilia, which was quickly succeeded by a commission from the pontiff as legate *à latere*.

Although the only ostensible office in the king's court hitherto held by Wolsey was that of the royal almoner, he had for some time been the principal adviser and mover in all affairs of state. That he was considered as having the greatest possible influence with his royal master is evident from the flatteries he received from foreign princes, and applications for his intercession from eminent personages who sought the king's favour.

That such a rapid advance in the short period of ten years, from the comparatively humble position of a court chaplain to the elevated rank of a cardinal and legate in the Church, and chief minister of the kingdom, should have made an ordinary man 'inebriated with prosperity,' as Archbishop Warham described him, would cause no wonder; but that it should produce such an effect upon a person possessed of such superior endowments and firmness of character as distinguished Wolsey, may well excite surprise. And yet it is manifest from his whole history, that not merely the charge of vanity, but also that of an insatiable appetite for the accumulation of riches, had some foundation. Of the latter we have proof in his holding two deaneries and various prebends and livings at the same time, in the rewards, which would now be called bribes, acknowledged by his friendly biographer to have been taken by him in his office, and in a pension which he accepted from the Duke of Milan. Of the former we have examples enough: we see it in the state which he observed in his household, in his assumption of the cross of York within the prohibited pro-

vince of Canterbury, and in the anxiety he evinced to give a greater degree of consequence to the mission sent by the pope with the cardinal's hat, by staying the journey of the messengers till he could procure a retinue which he considered more suitable to his high estate.

Still, however, Wolsey was not satisfied. There was another dignity to which he aspired. The Lord Chancellor had, for a long series of years previous to the reign of Henry VIII., been regarded as the head of the council, and as the Prime Minister. Wolsey accordingly made up his mind to secure the Great Seal: his power would not be complete, he thought, without that. Archbishop Warham had held the Great Seal for thirteen years; and though Wolsey had for some time deprived him of the real power of the Chancellorship, there can be no doubt that his great aim was to supersede the modest primate in the title also. The indignities with which he treated the archbishop have so much the appearance of an attempt to enforce his resignation, that Wolsey's resistance, when the resignation at last took place, can only be regarded as a mere pretence. The entry on the Rolls of Wolsey's appointment as Lord Chancellor is dated December 22, 1515.

The manner in which it was the daily custom of this proud prelate to repair to the exercise of his public duties affords a striking display of his love of ostentation. In the morning, after being apprised that a number of peers and commoners awaited his entrance, Wolsey came forth from his chamber into his state apartments in his cardinal's dress of crimson or scarlet satin or damask, the richest that could be procured, and wearing upon his head a 'pillion' or cushion, surmounted by a noble, or elevation of black velvet, attached to the cushion. About his neck he wore a tippet of fine sables.

Nor was the magnificence of his attire confined to the more conspicuous parts ; even his shoes were the subjects of wonder and of ridicule.

Thus attired, and holding to his nose the peel of an orange filled with sponge dipped in vinegar and other confections against the pestilent air, Wolsey walked with great pomp to the outer door of his mansion, the Great Seal of England being carried before him, and after that the cardinal's hat, borne by some nobleman or gentleman bareheaded. And thus passing on, preceded also by his two great crosses of silver, and followed by two pillars, and a large silver mace (gilt), the cardinal, amidst the cries of his gentlemen ushers, 'On, on, my lords and masters,' amidst the envy of some beholders, and the admiration of others, bent his course to the Court of Chancery, riding upon a mule splendidly caparisoned, and attended by his pillars, his crosses, his pole-axes, and running footmen.

For the manner in which Wolsey exercised the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery during the fourteen years he presided in it, his reputation stands high. Notwithstanding the perpetual and varied demands on his time, and the importance of his political duties, his attendance on the court was regular and punctual ; and whatever opinion may be formed by different writers of his character as a statesman, his decrees as Chancellor are acknowledged to have been equitable and just.

The favour with which Wolsey had been regarded by the king before he became Chancellor continued to increase after he was possessed of the Great Seal. The most unbounded reliance was placed upon his judgment, and no transaction in the state of the slightest importance was decided without his advice and concurrence. So large a space did he fill, so great

an influence did he exercise in all the events of his time, that a detail of the political occurrences of his life would comprehend the history of the civilised world during the period of his unbounded power. For his successive negotiations with the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, and the motives that dictated his changeable policy in regard to these two great antagonists—for the splendour of his embassies to both powers, and the extraordinary consideration with which he was treated by each—for a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, arranged under his sole direction—and for the varied transactions with the minor governments of Europe, the reader must turn to works of general history.

The income of Wolsey must have been prodigious in amount, and is said to have even exceeded the royal revenue. His expenditure was on a corresponding scale. The Venetian ambassador says : ‘He always has a sideboard of plate worth 25,000 ducats, wherever he may be ; and his silver is estimated at 150,000 ducats. In his own chamber there is always a cupboard with vessels to the amount of 30,000 ducats, this being customary with the English nobility.’ Cavendish delights in detailing the state and magnificence of his household, the number and rank of his attendants, the sumptuousness of his banquets, and the glories of his masques. Nobles were proud, or professed to be proud, to wait upon him, and their sons were sent to be educated in his palace.

Such universal homage made him forget his original littleness, and prompted him to yet higher aspirations. The popedom was the object at which he now aimed ; and twice did it seem within his grasp, supported as he was by the hearty wishes of his own sovereign, and by the apparently as hearty promises of the emperor. But on both occasions was he

doomed to disappointment,—in 1522 by the election of Adrian VI., and two years afterwards by that of Clement VII. According to the report of the Venetian ambassadors four years before, one would have supposed that he might well have been satisfied with his actual position ; for he is described as ‘in very great repute, seven times more so than if he were pope,’ and as ruling both the king and the kingdom. He relates that, on his first arrival, the cardinal used to say to him, ‘His Majesty will do so and so ;’ that subsequently by degrees he went forgetting himself, and commenced saying, ‘We shall do so and so ;’ but at last he reached such a pitch that he said, ‘I shall do so and so.’

His fall does not come within the scope of this work. We all know how on his way to the Tower he was taken ill. He reached Leicester ; and as he entered the gate of the monastery, said, ‘Father abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.’ So the event proved. The monks carried him to his bed, on which he expired on the 29th of November 1530. Shakespeare has little altered the words he used on his death-bed, when he makes him thus address Cromwell :

‘But had I served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.’

### THOMAS CROMWELL.

In Thomas Cromwell we find another example of a brilliant career ending in a sudden and sad fall. Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith. His father gave him a tolerable school education, and he made himself master of several foreign languages.

His original occupation appears to have been of a mercantile character, but he turned soldier, served in Italy under the Constable Bourbon, and was present in 1527 at Bourbon's death and the sack of Rome. Returning to England, he attracted the attention of Cardinal Wolsey, who made him his solicitor, and employed him as his chief agent in the dissolution of the monasteries, which the pope had abandoned to the powerful minister for the foundation of colleges.

After Wolsey's fall, Cromwell continued to secure the royal favour by his bold and able counsels in the king's final breach with Rome. He soon became the principal and confidential minister of the crown. To Cromwell, indeed, more than to anybody else, we owe the final dissolution of the monasteries, and the establishment of the Reformation in England; and these great measures were carried through entirely by his great abilities, courage, and perseverance.

In connection with his rise to power, an interesting story is told. It begins with the time when Cromwell, poor and friendless, was seeking his fortunes on a foreign soil.

A Florentine merchant of the name of Francis Frescobald, who was descended of a noble family in Italy, and had an ample fortune, was ever liberal to all who were in necessity. This being known to others, though he would willingly have concealed it, a young stranger one day addressed him in Florence to ask some assistance. Frescobald seeing something in his countenance more than ordinary, overlooked his tattered clothes, and pitying his circumstances, inquired 'who he was, and of what country.' 'I am,' said the stranger, 'a native of England; my name is Thomas Cromwell, and my father-in-law is a poor blacksmith. I left my country to seek my fortune, came with the French army that was routed at Gatylion, where



I was a page to a footman, and carried his pike and burgoonet after him.' Frescobald commiserating his misfortunes, and having a particular respect for the English nation, clothed him genteelly, took him into his house till he had recovered strength, and at his taking leave mounted him upon a good horse, with sixteen ducats of gold in his pockets. Cromwell expressed his thankfulness in a very grateful manner, and returned to England. On his arrival, as we have already told, he entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey; and after his death he so effectually gained the favour of Henry VIII., that he was made a baron, afterwards a viscount, and after passing through several high and confidential offices, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England.

While the fortunes of Cromwell were advancing so rapidly, Frescobald, from repeated losses by sea and land, was reduced to poverty. Without thinking at all of Cromwell, he recollected that some English merchants were indebted to him in the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, and he set off for London to look after the money. Travelling in pursuit of his business, he fortunately met with the Lord Chancellor as he was riding to court, who, recognising him to be the gentleman that had rendered him such essential service in Italy, immediately alighted, embraced him, and with the most anxious joy inquired, 'Are you not Signor Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'and your lordship's most humble servant.' 'My servant!' said the Chancellor; 'no, you are my special friend, who relieved my wants, and laid the foundation of my greatness; and as such a dear and obliging friend and benefactor I receive you. The affairs of my sovereign will not permit a longer conference at present; but I conjure you, my dear friend, to oblige me this day with your

company to dinner, in expectation of which I now take my leave of you.'

Frescobald was surprised and astonished, and for some time could not think who this great man should be who acknowledged such obligations, and so passionately expressed a kindness for him ; but contemplating his voice and person, he at length concluded that he must be the Cromwell whom he had relieved at Florence, and therefore, not a little overjoyed, went to his house at the appointed hour. His lordship arrived soon after, and had no sooner dismounted than he again embraced his early benefactor, and holding him by the hand, turned to the Lord High Admiral and other noblemen who were present, and said, 'Do not your lordships wonder that I am so glad to see this gentleman? This is he who first contributed to my advancement.' He then proceeded to narrate the story, and leading Frescobald into the dining-room, placed him next himself at table. After dinner, and the guests had retired, the Chancellor asked Frescobald what business had brought him to England. He in a few words stated his circumstances, when Cromwell said, 'I am sorry for your misfortunes, and will make them as easy as I can, by bearing a share in your affliction like a true friend ; but because men ought to be just before they are generous, it is fit that I should repay the debt I owe you.' The Chancellor then took him by the hand, and conducted him into his closet, where, opening a coffer, he took out some ducats, and delivering them to Frescobald, said, 'My friend, here is the money you lent me at Florence, with ten pieces you laid out for my apparel, and ten more you paid for my horse ; but considering you are a merchant, and might have made some advantage by this money in the way of trade, I insist on your taking these four bags, in each of which is four

hundred ducats, and wish you to enjoy them as the grateful gift of your friend.'

The modesty of Frescobald would have refused these great gifts, but they were forced upon him. The Chancellor then inquired the names of all his debtors, and the sums they owed; and the account which he received of them he transmitted to one of his servants, with a charge to find out the men, and oblige them to pay him in fifteen days, under the penalty of his displeasure. The servant so well discharged his duty, that in a short period the whole of the sums were paid.

All the time he remained in England, Frescobald lodged in the Lord Chancellor's house, where he was entertained according to his merits. He was urged to stay in England, and offered the loan of sixty thousand ducats if he would continue to trade there; but he wished to return to Florence, which he did, with extraordinary presents from the Lord Chancellor.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII., and one of the most illustrious characters of that period, when called to the bar, became so eminent in the practice of the law, that there was scarcely a cause of importance tried in which he was not concerned. He was so scrupulous withal in the suits he undertook, that it was his constant method, before he took any cause in hand, to investigate the merits of it. If he thought it unjust, he refused it, and was thus wont to make it his boast that he never earned a fee but with a good conscience. He would at the same time endeavour to reconcile the parties, and persuade them not to litigate

the matter in dispute. When he was not successful in this advice, he would direct the parties how to proceed in the least expensive and least troublesome course.

From his *Utopia*, indeed, it may be seen that he deemed it nothing short of deliberate wickedness to act otherwise; yet, to judge candidly of his merit in this respect, it is but fair to recollect that every case must have its right side, and that a barrister who has risen to such eminence as to have his choice of sides can have little to boast of in preferring the best. Had all the contemporaries of More been as scrupulous as he was, to what would his gains '*with a good conscience*' have amounted? It might be no difficult task, indeed, to show that the merit to which this Utopian lawyer laid such special claim is without any solid foundation. Who does not see that, to make it a system that lawyers shall only advocate such causes as they conscientiously believe to be just, would, in other words, be to supersede courts of justice altogether? And who is prepared to say that it is right or proper that any such mode of granting licences to go to law should be interposed between the subject and that most valuable of all his privileges—the privilege of appealing to the decision of a jury of his countrymen?

About 1516, Sir Thomas went to Flanders with Tonstall, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Knight, to renew the treaty of alliance between Henry VIII. and Charles V., then Archduke of Austria. While at Bruges, a conceited scholar issued a challenge that he would answer any question which could be proposed to him in any art whatsoever. Sir Thomas immediately caused the following to be put up: '*An averia capta in withernamia sint irreplegiabilia?*' An intimation was added, that there was one of the English ambassador's retinue who was ready to dispute with the challenger upon the

question. The challenger, however, not understanding these terms of our common law, knew not what to answer, and became thus a laughing-stock to the whole city.

It is probable enough, however, that this challenger might have been a very general disputant and a good logician, as logic was then understood, without understanding the barbarous jargon of *More's* question. The English, or at least the meaning of it, is: 'Whether cattle taken in withernam (a writ to make reprisals on one who has wrongfully distrained another man's cattle, and driven them out of the country) be irrepleviable?'

When Sir Thomas was promoted to be Lord Chancellor, he considered the poor as especially entitled to his protection. He always spoke kindly to them and heard them patiently. It was his general custom to sit every afternoon in his open hall, and if any person had a suit to prefer, he might state the case to him without the aid of bills, solicitors, or petitions. And such was his impartiality, that he gave a decree against one of his sons-in-law, Mr. Heron, whom he in vain urged to refer the matter to arbitration, and who presumed upon his relationship. He was also so indefatigable, that although he found the office filled with causes, some of which had been pending for twenty years, he despatched the whole within two years, and calling for the rest, was told that there was not one left,—a circumstance which he ordered to be entered on record, and which has been thus wittily versified:

'When *More* some years had Chancellor been,  
No *more* suits did remain;  
The same shall never more be seen  
Till *More* be there again.'

*More* was beheaded on the 26th of June 1535. He met his

fate with constancy—even with cheerfulness. When he was told that the king, as a special favour, had commuted his punishment to decapitation, ‘God,’ he replied, ‘preserve all my friends from such favours.’

On the scaffold, the executioner asked his forgiveness. He kissed him, saying, ‘Thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal: but’ (putting an angel into his hand) ‘my neck is so short, that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of thy profession.’ As he was not permitted to address the spectators, he contented himself with declaring that he died a faithful subject of the king.

The character of Sir Thomas More is thus summed up by Bishop Hurd: ‘He was a learned, wise, and exceedingly good man; extremely bigoted to the errors of Popery, which first made him the persecutor of the Protestant, and in the end cost him his life. Excepting in this instance, his life was almost faultless. He had every accomplishment of his time, and every virtue of humanity. He had a passionate love for learning and learned men. His own writings are esteemed the most elegant and masterly of any of that age. The liveliness of his wit and his zeal for Popery caused him to treat the persons he wrote against with more acrimony than was natural to his temper. But his controversial pieces, which are large and numerous (for he was the chief person who appeared in that controversy), are to be admired even at this day for their good sense, the plausibility of his argumentation, the sprightliness of his fancy, and the elegance of his raillery. If truth had not lain so evidently as it did on the side of Protestantism, such an adversary in its first appearance must have given considerable check to it.’

During the time that Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor,

a gentleman who had a suit depending before him sent him, by way of a bribe, a present of two silver flagons. The Chancellor immediately gave orders to his servants to fill them with the best wine in his cellar, and carry them back to the gentleman, and tell him that it gave him great pleasure to have an opportunity of obeying him, and that when the flasks were empty, he should be welcome to have them filled again.

### SIR EDWARD COKE.

Sir Edward Coke always displayed an unconquerable zeal for correcting abuses, for establishing the authority of the laws, and confining the prerogative to its proper bounds. In the Parliament which met in 1621, he towered beyond all preceding patriots in the abilities he showed in guiding the councils of that assembly, in the strength and propriety of the arguments he urged for the authority and privileges of Parliament, turning by his conduct the smiles of a court into a commitment to the Tower and a rifling of his papers. He, to his everlasting honour, was in the succeeding reign the man who proposed and framed the Petition of Right. The cares of the greatest part of his life were not only for the age in which he lived, but that posterity might feel the advantages of his almost unequalled labours. He was the first who reduced the knowledge of the English laws into a system. His voluminous writings on this subject have given light to all succeeding lawyers; and the improvements which have been made in this science owe their source to this great original. The service he rendered his country in this respect is invaluable. But whilst he laboured to his very last moments to render the law intelligible, and con-

sequently serviceable, to his fellow-citizens, he was oppressed in the most illegal manner by the Government. Secretary Windebank, by virtue of an order of the council for seizing certain seditious papers, entered his house at the time he was dying, and took away his *Commentary upon Littleton*, his history of that judge's life, his *Commentary upon Magna Charta*, his *Pleas of the Crown and Jurisdiction of Courts*, with fifty-one other mss., together with his will. The last was never returned, to the great distraction of his family affairs, and loss to his numerous posterity.

#### LORD BACON.

The proudest day of Lord Bacon's life in his legal capacity was the 7th of May 1617, the first day of term, when he rode in state to Westminster Hall, with the Lord Treasurer on his right hand, the Lord Privy Seal on his left, a long procession of students and ushers before him, and a crowd of peers, privy councillors, and judges following in his train.

This progress to Westminster has been often described. The writers who have treated of it differ widely in their estimate of the moral worth of the new Lord Keeper; but they all concur in celebrating the gorgeousness of the pageant. 'On the first day of Trinity term, May 7th,' says Bacon's last biographer, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, 'he rode from Gray's Inn, which he had not yet left, to Westminster Hall, to open the courts in state, all London turning out to do him honour, the queen sending the lords of her household, Prince Charles the whole of his followers—the lords of the council, the judges, and serjeants composing his immediate train. On his right



hand rode the Lord Treasurer, on his left the Lord Privy Seal, behind him a long procession of earls and barons, knights and gentlemen. Every one, says George Gerard, who could procure a horse and a footcloth fell into the train, so that more than two hundred horsemen rode behind him, through crowds of citizens and apprentice boys from Cheap, of players from Bankside, of the Puritan hearers of Burgess, of the Roman Catholic friends of Danvers and Armstrong : and he rode, as popular in the streets as he had been in the House of Commons, down Chancery Lane and the Strand, past Charing Cross, through the open courts of Whitehall, and by King Street into Palace Yard. He wore on that day, as he had worn on his bridal day, a suit of purple satin. Alighting at the gates of Westminster Hall, and passing into the court, he took his seat on the bench. When the company had entered, and the criers commanded silence, he addressed them on his intention to reform the rules and practices of the court.'

It is a matter of history that Bacon laid himself open by various acts to the censure of the world and the condemnation of Pope, as

'The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.'

He has, however, found a defender in this whitewashing age in Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

Mr. Dixon says : 'A series of public acts, in which the king and council concurred, attested the belief in his substantial innocence. By separate and solemn acts he was freed from the Tower ; his great fine was remitted ; he was allowed to reside in London ; he was summoned to take his seat in the House of Lords. Society reversed his sentence even more rapidly than the Crown. When the fight was over, and Lord

St. Albans was politically a fallen man, no contemporary who had any knowledge of affairs ever dreamt of treating him as a convicted rogue. The wise and noble loved him, and courted him more in his adversity than they had done in his grandeur. No one assumed that he had lost his virtue because he had lost his place. The good George Herbert held him in his heart of hearts—an affection which Bacon well repaid. John Selden professed for him unmeasurable veneration. Ben Jonson expressed, in speaking of him after he was dead, the opinion of all good scholars and all honest men. ‘My conceit of his person,’ says Ben, ‘was never increased towards him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was proper only to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest of men, and most worthy of admiration that hath been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.’

## JOHN SELDEN.

The seventeenth century was rich in great lawyers, but few could take precedence of John Selden. ‘In the contests,’ remarks one writer, ‘between the Stuarts and their Parliaments he was constantly referred to for advice; and his advice he gave without fear or favour. He was not a cold-blooded reasoner, but a patriot, whose motto was, “Liberty above all.” Nevertheless, his proud distinction was, that in the tumults and

excitement of a stormy age, he preserved his reason and independence unimpaired.'

Lord Clarendon in his autobiography, written about twenty years after Selden's death, gives the following character of him, in which may be traced admiration for his character and abilities, and regret at his choosing the side of the Parliament in the Civil War :—

'Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue ; he was of so stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing ; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best court, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seemed harsh and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be attributed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of a style, and too much propensity to the language of ambiguity ; but in his conversation he was the most clear discernor, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known. Mr. Hyde was wont to say that he valued himself upon nothing more than upon having had Mr. Selden's acquaintance from the time he was very young, and held it with great delight as long as they were suffered to continue together in London ; and he was very much troubled always when he heard him blamed, censured, and reproached for staying in London, and in the Parliament,

after they were in rebellion, and in the worst times, which his age obliged him to do ; and how wicked soever the actions were which were every day done, he was confident he had not given his consent to them, but would have hindered them if he could with his own safety, to which he was always enough indulgent. If he had some infirmities with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellences.'

Selden's learning was prodigious. His memory is still kept green in literature by means of a collection of his *Table-Talk* made by Milward, his secretary for twenty years. Of this choice volume, Coleridge, in a somewhat extravagant vein, says, 'There is more weighty bullion sense in Selden's *Table-Talk* than I ever found in the same number of pages in any uninspired writer.'

Selden died on the last day of November 1654.

### DAVID JENKINS.

There never was a more honest and patriotic judge than the celebrated Welshman David Jenkins. 'He was,' says the able author of *Old and New London*, 'a famous champion of the royal cause, and in the most troublous time of England's history displayed undaunted courage and unbending devotion to his lawful sovereign.

'In the discharge of his official duty, he imprisoned and condemned several persons bearing arms against King Charles. For this the Parliamentarians laid violent hands upon him, and on Monday, 21st of February 1647, the keeper of Newgate brought Judge Jenkins, described as "Mr. David Jenkins,

judge in Wales, now a prisoner in that jail," to the bar of the House of Commons, upon an impeachment of high treason. The Speaker asked him what he had to say for himself, and David Jenkins was not slow to reply. We are informed by a contemporaneous account of his arraignment that he said "that they had no power to try him;" and at the bar, and in the open House, gave very contemptuous words and reproaches against the Houses and power of Parliament. He threatened Parliament with the king's numerous issue, with divers other reproachful words, such as the like were never offered in the face of a Parliament.

'After he came out of the House, he put off his hat, and spake to this effect before the soldiers of the guard and divers gentlemen at the door: "Gentlemen, God bless you all: protect the laws of the kingdom!"

'His carriage was declared to be a high contempt and misdemeanour, and he was ordered to be fined £1000 and sent back to Newgate. When in prison, he expected daily to be hanged, and formed the original resolution of being suspended from the gallows-tree with a Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other. It never came to that, however; and Judge Jenkins escaped with his life.'

#### SIR MATTHEW HALE.

This most excellent judge and lawyer originally intended to follow the profession of arms, but was diverted from this design by being engaged in a lawsuit with Sir William Whitmore, who laid claim to part of his estate. Serjeant Glanville, who happened to be his counsel in the cause, being struck with the

legal capacity which he displayed in their private consultations, persuaded him to turn lawyer, and he accordingly entered himself of Lincoln's Inn. In order to compensate for the time past, which he had lost in frivolous pursuits, he now studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and fell into habits of great inattention to his personal appearance. He is said, indeed, to have neglected his dress so much, that, being a strong and well-built man, he was once taken by a pressgang as a person very fit for sea service—a pleasant sort of mistake, which made him afterwards more attentive to the becomingness of his apparel.

He was called to the bar some time before the civil wars broke out, and soon rose to distinction; but observing how difficult it was to preserve his integrity and yet live securely, he resolved, after the example of Pomponius Atticus, who lived in similar times, neither to engage in faction nor to meddle at all in public business, but constantly to favour and relieve those who were lowest. He acquired thus such a character for independence and spirit, that he became equally acceptable to both the great parties into which the nation was then unhappily divided. He was one of the counsel to the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and King Charles himself, on the one hand; and to the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, Lord Capel, and Lord Craven, on the other.

Cromwell, who was deeply sensible of the advantage it would be to have the countenance of such a man as Hale to his courts, never ceased importuning him, till he accepted the place of one of the justices of the *common* bench, as it was then called. In this station he acted with great integrity and courage; so much so, indeed, that the Protector had soon occasion to regret the very earnest part he had taken in his promotion. In a case in the country, in which Cromwell

himself was deeply concerned, Hale displayed a signal example of his uprightness. The Protector had ordered that certain persons, on whose subserviency he could trust, should be returned as a jury for the trial. On being informed of this, Hale examined the sheriff, and having ascertained the fact, referred to the statute, which ordered all juries to be returned by the sheriff or by his lawful officer; and as this had not been done, he dismissed the jury and would not try the cause. Cromwell was highly displeased with him, and on his return from the circuit, told him, in great anger, 'that he was not fit to be a judge.' Hale replied, with great aptness of expression, 'that it was very true.'

An admirable sketch of Sir Matthew Hale's character is given by Baxter. 'He was,' says the divine, 'a man of no great utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just, insomuch that I believe he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act; patience in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself; the pillar of justice; the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his Majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not in the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

'He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an Act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge who, for nothing, followed the work, and by his prudence and justice removed a multitude of great impediments.

‘His great advantage for innocence was, that he was no lover of riches or grandeur. His garb was too plain. He studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to, but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors, but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still as his great delight. . . .

‘The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men’s solutions. Those who take none for religious who frequent not private meetings, etc., took him for an excellently righteous moral man ; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concernments of eternity, and saw his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own.’

A country gentleman once sent a present of a buck to Sir Matthew Hale, before whom he had a cause coming on for trial. The cause being called, and the judge taking notice of the name, asked ‘if he was not the person that had presented him with a buck.’ Finding that he was the same, the judge told him ‘he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck.’ The gentleman answered ‘that he never sold his venison, and that he had done no more to his



lordship than what he had always done to every judge who came that circuit.' Several gentlemen on the bench bore testimony to the truth of this statement; but nothing would induce the judge to give way: he persisted in refusing to allow the trial to proceed till he had paid for the venison. The gentleman on this, somewhat indignant, withdrew the record, saying 'he would not try his cause before a judge who suspected him to be guilty of bribery by a customary civility.' A noble contest! between judicial integrity on one side, and honourable hospitality on the other!—a contest eminently characteristic of the English judge and the English gentleman.

#### LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

Lord Chief Justice Holt is deservedly regarded as a bright ornament of the legal profession. He was born at Thame in Oxfordshire about 1642. As a lawyer he rose very rapidly, and in 1689 we find him appointed by King William III. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This honourable office he held till his death. On the removal of Lord Somers, he was offered the Chancellorship; but he declined it. It is said that he conducted himself on the bench with a peculiarly lofty and dignified manner, and that he set an example of spirit and temper which since his day has continued to adorn the English bench. In the conscientious exercise of his legal functions, he was several times obliged to resist the encroachments not only of the Crown, but of Parliament. In March 1709 he died; 'and he then left behind him,' says his biographer, 'a reputation for learning, honour, and integrity which has never been surpassed, even among the

many eminent individuals who have succeeded him in his dignified office.'

In the 14th number of the *Tatler* we have a sketch of the character of this celebrated Lord Chief Justice. 'It would become all men as well as me,' remarks the writer, 'to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate, who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice; he never searched after or spared it when it came before him. At the same time, he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, Chief Justice, as we call it in Felicia (Britain). He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it; the prisoner knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety, and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him.'

The following story concerning this eminent Chief Justice has appeared in many books of *Ana*:—

'In his time, a riot happened in London, arising out of a wicked practice then very common—kidnapping young persons of both sexes, and sending them to the plantations. Information having gone abroad that there was a house in Holborn which served as a lock-up place for the persons so ensnared, till an opportunity could be found of shipping them off, the enraged populace assembled in great numbers, and

were going to pull it down. Notice of the tumult being sent to Whitehall, a party of the Guards were commanded to march to the spot ; but an officer was first sent to the Lord Chief Justice, to acquaint him with the state of matters, and to request that he would send some of his officers along with the soldiers, in order to give a countenance to their interference.

‘The officer having delivered his message, Lord Chief Justice Holt said to him, “Suppose the populace should not disperse at your appearance, what are you to do then?” “Sir,” answered the officer, “we have orders to fire upon them.” “Have you, sir?” replied his lordship ; “then take notice of what I say : if there be one man killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. “Sir,” continued he, “go back to those who sent you, and acquaint them that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers ; and let them know, at the same time, that the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword : these matters belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them.”

‘The Lord Chief Justice then went himself in person, accompanied by his tipstaffs and a few constables, to the scene of the disturbance, and by his reasonable expostulations with the mob, succeeded without the least violence in making them all disperse quietly.’

‘This story,’ says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his *Book about Lawyers*, ‘is very ridiculous ; but it points to an interesting and significant event. Of course it is incredible that Holt said, “The laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword.” He was too sound a constitutional lawyer to hold that military force could not be lawfully used in quelling civil insurrection. The interesting fact is this :—On the occasion of a riot in Holborn,

Holt was formally required, as the supreme conservator of the king's peace, to aid the military ; and instead of converting a street row into a massacre, he prevailed upon the mob to disperse, without shedding a single drop of blood. Declining to co-operate with soldiers on an unarmed multitude, he discharged the ancient functions of his office with words instead of sabres, with grave counsels instead of cruel violence. Under similar circumstances, Chief Justice Odo would have clad himself in mail, and crushed the rabble beneath the feet of his war-horse. At such a summons, George Jeffreys, having fortified himself with a magnum of claret and a pint of strong water, would have accompanied the king's guards, and with noisy oaths would have bade them give the rascals a taste of cold steel. Wearing his judicial robes, and sustained by the majesty of the law, William the Third's Chief Justice preserved the peace without sacrificing life. Many other anecdotes are related of him, in all of which he is exhibited in the most pleasing colours.'

## LORD MANSFIELD.

It used to be a traditional tale in the county which gave birth to Lord Mansfield, that almost in infancy he was accustomed to declaim upon his native mountains, and repeat to the winds the most celebrated speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero, not only in their original text, but in his own translations of them.

Fame instantaneously announced his 'call to the bar,' and distinguished him as unrivalled in oratory,—at an era, too, when many followers of the profession were of the very highest

eminence. Shortly after taking the gown, he was employed on an important occasion at the bar of the House of Commons, where he made so conspicuous a figure, that Sir Robert Walpole declared the merit of his speech to be so great, that it almost appeared to him to be an oration of Cicero. Mr. Pulteney instantly arose to complete the eulogium, by observing, that he not only could imagine the speech which had just been delivered was the composition of Cicero, but that the Roman orator had himself pronounced it.

Thus these two great men, who hated and opposed each other with so much rancour, united in this single instance to compose one of the most excellent panegyrics which was ever pronounced.

Mansfield advanced to the dignities of the state by rapid strides. They were not bestowed by the caprice of party favour or affection ; they were (as was said of Pliny) liberal dispensations of power, upon an object that knew how to add new lustre to that power by the rational exertion of his own.

As a speaker in the House of Lords, he was without a competitor. His language was eloquent and perspicuous, arranged with the happiest method, and applied with the utmost extent of human ingenuity ; his images were often bold, and always just ; but the more prevailing character of his eloquence was that of being flowing, soft, delightful, and affecting. Among his other rare qualifications may be ranged the external graces of his person, the fire and vivacity of his looks, the delicious harmony of his voice, and that habitual fitness in all he said, which gave to his speeches more than the effect of the most learned compositions. He was modest and unassuming, never descending to personal altercation, or even replying to personal reflections, except when they went to affect the integrity of his

public character. When instances of the latter occurred, he evinced that he was not without a spirit to repel them : of this he gave a memorable proof in the debate on Wilkes' outlawry, when, being accused of braving the popular opinion, he replied in the following noble strain of eloquence :—

‘ If I have ever supported the king's measures ; if I have ever afforded any assistance to Government ; if I have discharged my duty as a public or private officer by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution, maintaining unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and by an upright administration *of*, to give due effect *to*, the laws, I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than that most pleasing and most honourable one—the conscientious conviction of doing what is right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind : I wish earnestly for popularity ; but I will tell you how I will obtain it : I will have that popularity which *follows*, and not that which is *run after*. 'Tis not the applause of a day, 'tis not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being ; that man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, “ *Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non infamiam putarem.*” But threats have been carried further : personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats ; I don't believe there is any reason to fear them. It is not the genius of the worst of men, in the worst of times, to proceed to such shocking extremities. But if such an event should happen, let it be so ; even such an event might be productive of wholesome

effects : such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition to a state of activity, to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it. And those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty from the most abandoned licentiousness, might by such an event be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often shamed into sobriety. If the security of our persons and property, of all we hold dear or valuable, is to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a mob ; if, in compliance with the humours and to appease the clamours of these, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life somewhat more than sixty is not worth preserving at such a price ; and he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country.'

Lord Mansfield, as may readily be supposed, was an enemy to all intolerant laws ; and in the case of Mr. Evans, who refused the office of sheriff on the plea of being a Dissenter, he distinguished himself much by his sound and forcible reasoning in favour of the Protestant Dissenters. 'There is nothing, said his lordship, 'more unreasonable, more inconsistent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion, more iniquitous and unjust, more impolitic, than persecution. My lords, it is against natural religion, revealed religion, and sound policy.' In speaking of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as introductory to persecutions in France, his lordship said there was no necessity for that measure :—

'The Jesuits needed only to have advised a similar plan, similar to what is contended for in the present case : make a

law to render them incapable of office, make another to punish them for not serving it. If they accept, punish them ; if they refuse, punish them ; if they say Yes, punish them ; if they say No, punish them. My lords, this is a most exquisite dilemma, from which there is no escaping ; it is a trap a man cannot get out of ; it is as bad a prosecution as that of Procrustes—if they are too short, stretch them ; if they are too long, lop them.’

The liberality of his lordship in matters of religion, and the part he took (though by no means conspicuous) in the bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, brought on him the vengeance of the mob in the disgraceful riots of 1780. His house in Bloomsbury Square, with all its furniture, his books, his manuscripts, etc., was entirely consumed by fire. He bore this calamity with great equanimity ; and once in the House of Lords made the following pathetic allusion to it, when giving his opinion on a legal question : ‘ I speak not this from books, for books I have none.’

#### LORD ERSKINE.

In July 1778, Erskine was called to the bar ; and, according to all ordinary experience of the profession in which he had engaged, he had reason to expect a delay of some years before his business could support his family. ‘ But,’ remarks Mr. Goodrich, in his *Select British Eloquence*, ‘ the early life of Erskine was full of singular adventure. Not long after his call to the bar, he was dining with a friend, and happened to speak of a Captain Baillie, whose case at that time had awakened great interest in the public mind. As Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, Baillie had discovered enormous abuses



in the management of the institution (which was used for political purposes), and had publicly charged them on Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty. For this he was prosecuted on a charge of libel, at the instance of Sandwich, who kept, however, behind the scenes, to avoid any opportunity of bringing him before the court on the merits of the case. As the trial was soon to come on, Erskine remarked on this conduct at table with great severity, not knowing that Baillie was present as one of the guests.

‘The captain was delighted with what he heard ; and learning that his volunteer advocate was a young lawyer, as yet without business, who had himself been a sailor, declared to a friend that he should at least have one brief. Accordingly, Erskine’s first retainer of a guinea was put into his hands the next day, and it never occurred to him but that he was the only counsel in the case. As the trial approached, however, he found there were four distinguished advocates before him, and he also found they had so little hope of success, that they advised Baillie at a consultation to pay the costs, and in this way escape trial, as the prosecution had kindly proposed. Erskine alone dissented : “My advice, gentlemen,” said he, “may savour more of my former profession than my present, but I am against consenting.” “You are the man for me,” said Baillie, hugging the young advocate in his arms ; “I will never give up.”

‘The case came before Lord Mansfield in the afternoon of the 23d of November 1778. The senior counsel of Baillie consumed the time till late in the evening, in showing cause why the rule should be dismissed ; and no one expecting Erskine to come forward, the case was adjourned until the next day. The court was crowded in the morning, as the

Solicitor-General was expected to speak in support of the rule; and just as Lord Mansfield was about to call upon him to proceed, Erskine rose, unknown to nearly every individual in the room except his lordship, and said, in a mild but firm voice, "My lord, I am likewise counsel for the author of this supposed libel. . . . And when a British subject is brought before a court of justice only for having ventured to attack abuses which owe their continuance to the danger of attacking them . . . I cannot relinquish the privilege of doing justice to such merit; I will not give up even my share of the honour of repelling and exposing so odious a prosecution." The whole audience was hushed into a pin-fall silence, and he went on to deliver a speech which Lord Campbell pronounces "the most wonderful forensic effort which we have in our annals." It is hardly necessary to say that the decision was for the defendant: the rule was dismissed with costs.

'Never did a single case so completely make the fortune of any individual. Erskine entered Westminster Hall that morning not only in extreme poverty, but with no reasonable prospect of an adequate subsistence for years. He left it a rich man. He received thirty retainers from attorneys who were present, it is said, while retiring from the hall. Not only was his ambition gratified, but the comfort and independence of those whose happiness he had staked on his success as a lawyer was secured. Some one asked him at a later period how he dared to face Lord Mansfield so boldly on a point in the case where he was clearly out of order, when he beautifully replied, "I thought of my children as plucking me by the robe, and saying, 'Now, father, is the time to get us bread.'" His business went on rapidly increasing, until he had an annual income of £12,000.'

Erskine's greatest triumph as a speaker at the bar, it is universally thought, was his speech in behalf of John Stockdale, when tried for a libel on the House of Commons. It was delivered before the Court of King's Bench on the 9th of December 1789. 'It was Erskine's finest speech,' remarks a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'whether we regard the wonderful skill with which the argument is conducted—the soundness of the principles laid down, and their happy application to the case—the exquisite fancy with which they are embellished and illustrated—or the powerful and touching language in which they are conveyed. It is justly regarded by all English lawyers as a consummate specimen of the art of addressing a jury—as a standard, a sort of precedent, for treating cases of libel, by keeping which in his eye a man may hope to succeed in special pleading his client's case within its principle, who is destitute of the talent required even to comprehend the other and higher merits of his original. By these merits it is recommended to lovers of pure diction—of copious and animated description—of lively, picturesque, and fanciful illustration—of all that constitutes, if we may so speak, the poetry of eloquence.'

It is in this speech that the passage relating to the Indian chief, often alluded to for its boldness and poetic beauty, is introduced. The orator has been speaking of the outraged rights and privileges of the unhappy people of India. 'To be governed at all,' he says, 'they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority—which Heaven never gave—by means which it never can sanction.'

'Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for

it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at His pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.'

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. His spirited reply to Justice Buller, in the trial of the Dean of Asaph, is well known, and it is only one out of many instances which might be adduced of similar independence. In the action brought by Mr. Jeffreys against the Commissioners, for jewels furnished to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Erskine was counsel for the plaintiff, and evinced considerable warmth in the cause.

Lord Kenyon, in his charge to the jury, said he felt much hurt at something that had fallen from the learned counsel for the plaintiff, who had stated that the defence was shameful, illiberal, and unjust.

*Mr. Erskine*—My lord, I did not use those words.

*Lord Kenyon*—Mr. Erskine, I took them down as you uttered them.

*Mr. Erskine*—Then, my lord, you took them down incorrectly.

*Lord Kenyon*—Sir, I desire I may not be interrupted.

Mr. Erskine explained that his observations were not applied to the defendants, but to the witnesses ; and that not to their general characters, but to their evidence in this cause.

It was in one of these contests with the bench that Mr. Erskine explained the rule of his conduct at the bar in the following terms :—‘ It was,’ said he, ‘ the first command and counsel of my youth always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth ; and I shall point it out as such to my children.’

The brother of Lord Erskine also deserves honourable mention.

An attorney in a distant part of Scotland, or, as he is called there, a writer, representing to an oppressed and needy tacksman, who had applied to him for advice, the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbour, having himself no means of defending his cause, received for answer, ‘ Ye dinna

ken what you say, maister ; there's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend, or fear an enemy, while Harry Erskine lives !'

How much honour did that simple sentence convey to the generous and benevolent object of it ! He had indeed a claim to the affection and respect of all who were in the knowledge of his extraordinary talents and more uncommon virtues. With professional knowledge and powers of eloquence of the highest order, he possessed a liberality of spirit which scrupled at no sacrifice or exertion, where private right was to be vindicated, or the public welfare promoted.

It is said that Swift, after having written that celebrated satire on mankind, *Gulliver's Travels*, exclaimed, whilst meditating on the rare virtues of his friend Arbuthnot, 'Oh ! were there ten Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn my book.' It is difficult to contemplate such a character as Henry Erskine's without a similar sentiment, without feeling that were there many Erskines, one should learn to think better of mankind.

The character of Mr. Erskine's eloquence bore a strong resemblance to that of his noble brother (Lord Erskine) ; but being much less diffusive, it was better calculated to leave a forcible impression. 'He was distinguished,' says Jeffrey, in an animated sketch which he wrote of his departed friend, 'not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance, he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning. To himself it seemed always as if they

were recommended rather for their use than their beauty ; and unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning. In this extraordinary talent, as well as the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good-humour and gaiety which encircled his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and as yet has had no successor.'

### CURRAN.

When Curran was called to the bar, he was without friends, without connections, without fortune, conscious of talents far above the mob by which he was elbowed, and endued with a sensibility which rendered him painfully alive to the mortifications he was fated to experience. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging on Hog Hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Yet even thus he was not altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light : he was young and ardent, buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the encouraging comparison with those who were successful around him ; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers, whom he amused with his wit or amazed by his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd did not disdain occasionally to glean from his con-

versation the rich and varied treasures which he did not fail to squander with the most unsparing prodigality ; and some there were who observed the brightness of the infant luminary struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst those who had the discrimination to appreciate and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolf, afterwards the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation ; and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant, whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. 'I then lived,' said he, 'upon Hog Hill ; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments ; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence, I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where *Lavater* alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *Old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it ; and that dinner was the date of my pros-



perity !' Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

The most successful, if not the most eloquent effort that Mr. Curran made at the bar was in the defence of Patrick Finney, who was tried for high treason in 1798. It was also the most important, since the fate of fifteen other persons depended on it. The principal witness on this trial was the informer James O'Brien, whose subsequent crimes rendered him so notorious in Ireland. This fellow had extorted money by assuming the character of a revenue officer, and Mr. Curran, with great skill, contrived to make him develop his own character to the jury, in the course of a very curious cross-examination. But this was not sufficient : a witness necessary to prove O'Brien's perjury lived a few miles from Dublin, and in order to afford time for his being brought, it was agreed by Mr. Curran that his colleague, Mr. M'Nally, should commence the prisoner's defence, and continue speaking as long as he could find a syllable to say. This he did with great ability until he was exhausted, and the evening so far advanced, that the court consented to a temporary adjournment ; and before it resumed its sitting, the material witness arrived.

#### SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

As a student, Sir Samuel Romilly seems to have had no anticipation of the brilliancy of his future career. We find him writing despondingly to a friend in 1783 : ' I sometimes lose all courage, and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking ; but it often happens (and I fear it has been in my case) that

men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part.'

It was observed by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, that although posterity, as most advantaged by the efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly to reform the criminal code, would be loudest in their praise of his exertions, yet he was sure that the country was now ready, with one voice, to say :

*Presenti tibi largimur honores.*

Romilly, after attending the courts of criminal law for a period of fifteen years, was no sooner seated in the Legislature, than he devoted his talents and his experience to ameliorating the penal code. This object formed the most distinguished feature of his Parliamentary life, and he persevered in it every succeeding session with unremitting zeal. If this virtuous senator did not possess the influence sufficient to carry the important measures he contemplated, his eloquence pleaded so powerfully, and excited such a host of advocates in his favour, that in time many of his proposals came to be adopted. The repeal of the 39th of Elizabeth, which constituted it a capital offence punishable with death in soldiers and sailors found to beg in the streets, the erection of a penitentiary for confining and employing convicts, and the mitigation of punishment in cases of larceny, were all principally the fruits of his enlightened exertions.

The persevering industry of Sir Samuel Romilly is thus described by M. Dumont in his *Recollections of Mirabeau* :—  
'Romilly, always tranquil and orderly, has an incessant activity. He never loses a minute; he applies his mind to all he is about. Like the hand of a watch, he never stops, although his equal movements in the same way almost escape observation.'

Romilly's melancholy end is well known. The shock of his wife's death proved too much for him. In his agony, he fell into a delirium, and, in a moment when unwatched, sprang from his bed, cut his throat, and expired in a few minutes. This sad event took place in his house in Russell Square, London, on the 2d of November 1818.

When Lord Eldon next morning took his seat on the bench, and saw the vacant place within the bar, where for years Romilly had pleaded before him, iron man though he was, his eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here!' he exclaimed, and rising in great agitation, broke up his court.

#### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

One of the ablest coadjutors of Sir Samuel Romilly in the mitigation of the severity of the penal code was Sir James Mackintosh. After filling the important office of Judge of Bombay for seven years, he could, on taking leave of his office in 1811, thus address the Grand Jury: '*Since my arrival here in May 1804, the punishment of death has not been inflicted by this court.* Now, the population subject to our jurisdiction, either locally or personally, cannot be estimated at less than 200,000 persons.' He then entered into a comparative view of the state of crime previous to and during his judgeship, which he proved had diminished considerably during the latter period. The annual average of capital convictions up to the time Sir James Mackintosh became Recorder of Bombay was twenty; the annual average of persons who suffered death, seven. During his judgeship, the average of convictions annually was fifteen only (notwithstanding the increase of population), and this without

a single execution. Well, therefore, might he add, in his farewell charge : 'This small experiment has therefore been made without diminution of the security of the lives and properties of men. Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without any increase of crimes. If, therefore, any experience has been acquired, it has been safely and innocently gained.'





## GREAT ARTISTS.

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*'Art is a jealous god ; it demands the whole and entire man.'*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

George Jameson—Sir Peter Lely—Sir Godfrey Kneller—Sir James Thornhill—William Hogarth—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Thomas Gainsborough—Benjamin West—James Barry—William Blake—John Opie—George Morland—Sir Thomas Lawrence—Joseph Turner.



SCOTTISH painter is the first to present himself to our notice.

### GEORGE JAMESON.

Of George Jameson the artist, less is known than could be wished. He was the son of an architect, and was born at Aberdeen in the year 1586. He went abroad, studied under Rubens in the company of Vandyke, returned to Scotland in 1628, and commenced his professional career at Edinburgh. His earliest works were chiefly painted on panel ; he afterwards used fine linen cloth. Having made some successful attempts in landscape and history, he relinquished them for portraiture, a branch of the art which this island has never failed to patronize.

He acquired much fame in his day, and was considered after Vandyke the ablest of the scholars of Rubens.

When Charles I. visited Scotland in 1633, he sat for his portrait to Jameson, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger. Many of his portraits are still to be found in the houses of the Scottish nobility and gentry. So well had he caught the manner and spirit of Vandyke, that several of his heads have been imputed to his more famous contemporary.

The prices which he received for his pictures were small, even in the swelling numbers of the Scottish currency. In the genealogy of the house of Breadalbane occurs the following singular memorandum. It is dated 1635: 'Sir Colin Campbell, eighth laird of Glenorchy, gave unto George Jameson, painter in Edinburgh, for Robert and David Bruce, kings of Scotland, and Charles the First, king of Great Britain, and his Majesty's queen, and for nine more of the queens of Scotland, their portraits, which are in the hall of Balloch (now Taymouth), the sum of two hundred and threescore pounds. More: The said Sir Colin gave to the said George Jameson, for the knight of Lochore's lady, and the first Countess of Argyle, and six of the ladies of Glenorchy, their portraits, and the said Sir Colin, his own portrait, which are set up in the chamber of Deas, at Balloch, one hundred and fourscore pounds.'

In spite of all this apparent penury of prices, Jameson died rich. His works still maintain their original reputation, and he goes down to posterity as the first native of this island who excelled in works of art as large as life.

## SIR PETER LELY.

Our next remarkable artist is Sir Peter Lely. By birth he was a foreigner, being born in 1617 in Westphalia, but by professional practice and reputation he is every way entitled to rank as a British painter. The first field in which he exercised his genius was the court of Charles I. He had arrived in England in 1641, and had had the good fortune to succeed Vandyke, and to gain great credit with all lovers of art of his day.

Sir Peter Lely did not wholly dedicate his pencil to the condescending beauties of Charles' court; he has preserved the features of statesmen who contrived to walk upright even in these slippery times. Nor did he neglect the men of genius who flourished in his day. He painted Clarendon, Cowley, Butler, Selden, and Otway. He maintained the state of a gentleman, and preserved the dignity due to his art in his intercourse with the court. Of the numerous works which he painted—for he was a diligent and laborious man—upwards of seventy are still in the island, portraits of ladies of rank or note, and of men of birth or genius.

Cromwell once sat to Lely, and when he did so, he said: 'I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything you see about me; otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it.' When the softer customers of Charles' palace sat to the same painter, they laid his talents under no such restrictions.

After the Restoration, Lely was appointed state painter to Charles II., and the king conferred on him the honour of knighthood. His practice was so great, that he acquired a

considerable fortune, and he deported himself in a manner worthy of his success. He laid out a large portion of it in collecting pictures and drawings, which, at his death in 1680, were sold by auction, and produced £26,000. The sale lasted forty days.

## SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was another artist of foreign birth who made his mark in England. He was born at Lubeck about 1646. In 1674 he came to this country, without intending to reside here; but being recommended to Mr. Banks, a Hamburg merchant, he painted him and his family. Mr. Vernon, secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, seeing the pictures, sat to Kneller, and persuaded the Duke to do the same. His grace was delighted, and engaged the king his father to have his portrait painted by the new artist, at a time when the Duke of York had been promised the king's picture by Lely. King Charles, to save trouble, proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time. Lely, as the established painter, chose his light and station. Kneller took the next best he could, and performed his task with so much expedition, that he had nearly finished his piece when Lely's was only dead-coloured. This gained Kneller great credit; and Lely obtained no less honour, for he had the candour to acknowledge and admire the abilities of his rival. This success fixed Kneller in England; and the immense number of portraits he executed proves the stability of his reputation.

The works of Kneller are numerous: they are almost



exclusively portraits ; and over whatever he produced he threw an air of freedom and a hue of nature not unworthy of Vandyke. All the sovereigns of his time, all the noblemen of the court, all the ladies of rank or of beauty in England, sat to him for their portraits. When he painted the head of Louis the Fourteenth, the king asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him ; the painter answered modestly and genteelly that he should feel honoured if his Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might execute a drawing of his face for himself. It was granted.

He painted Dryden in his own hair, in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work. The poet repaid this by an epistle containing encomiums such as few painters deserve :—

‘ Such are thy pictures, Kneller ! such thy skill,  
That nature seems obedient to thy will ;  
Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught,  
Lives there, and wants but words to speak the thought.’

To the incense of Dryden was added that of Pope, Addison, Prior, Tickell, and Steele. No wonder the artist was vain.

The vanity of Kneller was redeemed by his naivete, and rendered pleasant by his wit. ‘ Dost thou think, man,’ said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil—‘ dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter ? No ! God Almighty only makes painters.’

He was one day conversing about his art, and gave the following neat reason for preferring portraiture. ‘ Painters of history,’ said he, ‘ make the dead live, and do not begin living themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live.’

Kneller was equally encouraged by Charles II., James II., and William. He had the honour of painting the portraits of ten sovereigns, viz. Charles II., James II. and his queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., the Czar Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI.,—a list that Lawrence did not live to rival. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted in 1692, and presented with a gold medal and chain worth £300. Kneller died in 1723.

### SIR JAMES THORNHILL.

Thornhill, the eminent painter, enjoys all the advantages of the praise of Pilkington and the approbation of Lord Orford. 'His genius,' says the former, 'was well adapted to historical and allegorical compositions. He possessed a fertile and fine invention, and sketched his thoughts with great ease, freedom, and spirit. He was so eminent in many parts of his profession that he must for ever be ranked among the first painters of his time.' 'Sir James Thornhill,' says Walpole, 'a man of much note in his time, who succeeded Verrio, and was the rival of La Guerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, was knighted by George the First, and was elected to represent his native town in Parliament.

'His chief works were the dome of St. Paul's; the altarpiece of the chapel of All Souls at Oxford; another for Weymouth, of which he made them a present; the hall at Blenheim; the chapel at Lord Orford's at Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire; the saloon and other things for Mr. Styles,

at More Park, Hertfordshire; and the Great Hall of Greenwich Hospital.

‘Yet, high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works were, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich; and though La Fosse received £2000 for his works at Montague House, and was allowed £500 for his diet besides, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for the cupola of St. Paul’s, and I think no more for Greenwich.’

Sir James Thornhill was born in 1676, and died in 1734.

#### WILLIAM HOGARTH.

A great original genius came upon the stage of this world in the person of William Hogarth, who was born in the Old Bailey, London, about 1697.

His youth was rather unpromising. He was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate, but did not remain long in this occupation, before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday he set out with two or three companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not been long before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his anta-

gonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

In 1730 Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. It was a stolen match, and very much against the inclination of the parents, the father being much offended. The rising fame of his son-in-law softened the old gentleman's feelings *gradually* into kindness and affection. About this time Hogarth designed and etched the first portion of 'The Harlot's Progress,' so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill, that she advised her daughter to place it in her father's way. 'Accordingly, one morning,' says Nichols, 'Mrs. Hogarth conveyed it secretly into his dining-room. When he rose, he inquired from whence it came, and by whom it was brought? When he was told, he cried out, "Very well! very well! the man who can make works like this, can maintain a wife without portion." He designed this remark as an excuse for keeping his purse-strings close, but soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young people.' The reconciliation was sincere. Hogarth was ever the earnest admirer and the ready defender of the conduct and reputation of Sir James Thornhill.

'The Harlot's Progress' was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. It was received with general approbation. Compliments in verse and prose were poured upon his prints and upon his person; and as money followed fame, his father-in law was relieved from his fears, and Hogarth from his necessities. The boldness of the attempt, the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough, ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with wonder a series of productions framed and set forth in one grand moral

and satiric story, exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end.

About twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription book for 'The Harlot's Progress.' It was made into a pantomime, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates.

In 1745 Hogarth published his six prints of 'Marriage à la Mode.'

'The famous set of pictures,' says Thackeray, 'called "Marriage à la Mode," and which is exhibited at Marlborough House in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral ground of these pictures is laid, is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist.

'He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state, and the great baldaquin behind him, under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old alderman from the city, who has mounted

his sword for the occasion, and wears his alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound bank notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them.

'Whilst the steward (a Methodist, therefore a hypocrite and a cheat; for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united, but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage-ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty; but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father, as in the young viscount's face you see a resemblance to the earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture of the earl himself as a young man) with a coronet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief.

'In the second picture the old lord must be dead, for Madame has now the countess' coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the Counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the Rose, to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party

over, and the daylight streaming in ; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades.

'The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the Counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the Counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world.

'Moral: Don't listen to evil, silver-tongued counsellors ; don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money ; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband ; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace and Tyburn.'

Another set of prints issued by Hogarth was 'The Rake's Progress.' In it a loose life is ended by a sad catastrophe similar to that of 'Marriage à la Mode.' It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser ; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company ; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam in the end.

In Hogarth's famous story of *Industry and Idleness*, the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of *Whittington* and *The London 'Prentice*, whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers *Moll Flanders*, and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church on a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery, while Tom lies on a tombstone outside, playing at

halfpenny-under-the-hat with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle: Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea.

Frank is taken into partnership, and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his night-cap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the city bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets.

The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or aldermen devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday.

What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes: Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it, whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to the Mansion-House in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, and the train-bands of the city fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and oh! crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony with his ribbon on his breast and his queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Churchyard.

About the year 1757 Hogarth became serjeant-painter to the



King, on the resignation of his brother-in-law. This was the only public favour or honour he ever received.

Hogarth has always possessed the power of attracting two classes, the literary and the artistic, and for both his achievements still hold a remarkable significance. Charles Lamb has compared him with Shakespeare. He has set 'The Rake's Progress' by the side of *Timon of Athens*, and has not feared to follow out the comparison, even claiming for the final scene of Hogarth's invention a sublimity not reached in Shakespeare's satire. The comparison may perhaps be over-wrought, but the praise which prompted it rests upon a sure foundation. As a critic, Lamb seldom erred, and in his appreciation of Hogarth there was little fear of error. The genius of the artist may be wrongly described; it can scarcely be overrated. And although we may shrink from the association of Shakespeare's name, we must admit in the presence of those designs that satire could scarcely go deeper. The relentless passion of Hogarth's satiric genius presented to the age a picture which it could not but quickly recognise as a portrait. In his designs we see the precise spirit of the most artificial century, frightened out of its formal decorum. The satirist has penetrated farther than his audience meant he should go, and suddenly, when they fancy themselves in the pursuit of laughter, they come upon a sight that is terrible. Considering the literary side of his genius, this must always be remembered of Hogarth: he lived in a century that affected to understand the very subjects he dealt with. Imagination of the highest order it had not, but from nearly every one of its eminent writers we may get something of bitter comment upon manners, something also of moral instruction. Hogarth's genius bears the mark and the fetters of his age. But weapons that others only played with,

he used with relentless effect. His satire is passion ; his laughter loud as theirs, but relentless. With the keen edge of a morality that is both fierce and humorous, he penetrated the outward manners that men of less strength could only mockingly describe. His is the most serious expression of an age that was not serious. He could not rest satisfied with any flippant reproof to be contained within the limits of a heroic couplet, but what others thought folly he must turn into an image of terror. In strength of satiric genius he had one superior in Swift, but he had scarcely an equal.

A few anecdotes of Hogarth's career have been preserved, and will bear repetition : Being one day, early in life, distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged on his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman, being once with the artist at the Bedford Coffee-house, observed him to draw something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been his employment, he was shown the whimsical countenance of a person who was then sitting in company.

It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life that a nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities ; but the likeness had in it not a grain of flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money ; but after-

wards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. He sent him the following card :—' Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —— ; finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money. . If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man, Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture on his lordship's refusal.' This intimation had the desired effect. It was sent home, and committed to the flames.

A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the 'Tail Piece.' The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. 'My next undertaking,' said Hogarth, 'shall be the *end of all things*.' 'If that is the case,' replied one of his friends, 'your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter.' 'There will be so,' answered Hogarth, sighing heavily ; 'and therefore the sooner my work is done the better.' Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things : a broken bottle ; an old broom worn to the stump ; the butt-end of an old musket ; a cracked bell ; a bow unstrung ; a crown

tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called 'The World's End' falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. 'So far so good,' said Hogarth on reviewing his performance; 'nothing remains but this,'—taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. 'Finis!' he then exclaimed; 'the deed is done: all is over.' It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died about a month after he had finished this 'Tail Piece.'

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest English portrait painter, and first President of the Royal Academy, was the son of the rector of Plympton, in Devonshire, where he was born in 1723. He was educated at the grammar school of his native place, and early discovered a predilection for drawing, which induced his father to place him, at the age of seventeen, with Hudson, then the most famous portrait painter in London, with whom he remained two years. After practising several years as a portrait painter, first at Plymouth, and afterwards in London, he went in 1751 to Italy, visited Rome and all the principal cities, and studied the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael,

Titian, Correggio, and other great masters. On his return from Italy in 1752, Reynolds established himself as a professional man in St. Martin's Lane, London. He found such opposition as genius is commonly doomed to meet with, and does not always overcome. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, were considered as innovations upon the established and orthodox system of portrait manufacture.

The artists raised their voices first; and of these, Hudson, who had just returned from Rome, was the loudest. His old master looked for some minutes on a boy in a turban which he had just painted, and exclaimed, with the addition of the national oath: 'Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England.' Ellis, an eminent portrait-maker, who had studied under Kneller, lifted up his voice the next: 'Ah, Reynolds! this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey.' The youthful artist defended himself with much ability, upon which the other exclaimed in astonishment at this new heresy in art: 'Shakespeare in poetry and Kneller in painting,' and walked out of the room. The sharp treatment, and the constant quotation of the names of Lely and Kneller, infected the mind of Reynolds with a dislike for the works of these two popular painters, which continued to the close of his life.

The contest with his fellow-artists was of short continuance. He painted the second Duke of Devonshire, and this increased his fame. He next painted his patron, Commodore Keppel, and produced a work of such truth and nobleness, that it fixed universal attention. This gallant seaman, pursuing a privateer, ran his ship aground on the coast of France, and was made prisoner in the midst of his exertions to save his crew from

destruction. He was released from prison, and acquitted of all blame by a court-martial. The portrait represents him just escaped from shipwreck.

By the time he was thirty years old, Reynolds' fame was spread far and wide, and the number of his commissions augmented daily. In the force and grace of expression, and in the natural splendour of colouring, no one could rival him ; success begot confidence in his own powers ; he tried bolder attitudes and more diversified character, and succeeded in the attempt.

The price which he at first received for a *head* was five guineas : the rate increased with his fame, and in the year 1755 his charge was twelve. Some years afterwards he raised it to twenty guineas.

The year 1758 was perhaps the most lucrative of his professional career. The account of the economy of his studies and the distribution of his time at this period is curious and instructive. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio : these he submitted to his sitters ; and whatever position they selected, he immediately proceeded to copy it upon his canvas, and paint the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, who appeared in their turns ; and he kept regular lists of those who sat, and of those who were waiting till a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood on his list, and often sent the work home before the colours were dry.

Of lounging visitors he had a great abhorrence ; and as he had reckoned up the fruits of his labours, 'Those idle people,' said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo—'those idle people do not consider that my time is

worth five guineas an hour.' This calculation incidentally informs us that it was Reynolds' practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours.

Commissions continued to pour in: the artist engaged several subordinate labourers, who were skilful in draperies, raised his price in 1760 to twenty-five guineas, and began to lay the foundation of a fortune.

In the following year, his accumulating thousands began to have a visible effect on his private establishment. He purchased a fine house on the west side of Leicester Square, furnished it with much taste, added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and an elegant dining-room; and finally taxed his invention and his purse in the production of a carriage, with wheels carved with gilt, and bearing on its panels the four seasons of the year. Those who flocked to see his new gallery were sometimes curious enough to desire a sight of this gay carriage, and the coachman, imitating the lackey who showed the gallery, earned a little money by opening the coach-house doors. His sister complained that it was too showy. 'What!' exclaimed the painter, 'would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?'

His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and welcome guest: though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too, with his ancient ballads and his Old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-

coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent; for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to the distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment.

Sir Joshua once gave some good advice on the subject of success in a letter, which at the request of Burke he addressed to Barry. It made a strong impression on the mind of that singular young man. 'Whoever,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed; the effect of every object that meets a painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction.'

He was skilful in compliments. When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrought his name on the border of her robe. The great actress, conceiving it to be a piece of classic embroidery, went near to examine, and seeing the words, smiled. The artist bowed, and said, 'I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment.' He painted his name in the same manner on the embroidered edge of the drapery of Lady Cockburn's portrait. When this picture was taken into the exhibition room, such was the sweetness of the conception, and the splendour of the colouring, that the painters who were busied with their own performances acknowledged its beauty by clapping their hands. Such eager admiration is of rare occurrence amongst brothers of the trade.



The tardy praise which he wrung from artists was amply compensated by that of others. The surly applause of Johnson, and the implied admiration of Goldsmith, were nothing compared to the open and avowed approbation of Burke. That extraordinary man possessed a natural sagacity which opened the door of every mystery in art or literature; his praise is always warm, but well placed; he feels wisely, and thinks in the true spirit. His debt of gratitude to Sir Joshua was never liquidated by affected rapture. The artist had reason to be proud of the affection of Burke.

Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, once observed in the hearing of Reynolds, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael. 'That,' retorted Reynolds, 'is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce, that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is rational enjoyment by means of the arts and sciences.'

Let us conclude this notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the words of Burke. They are a little loftier than necessary, and somewhat warmer; but much less cannot be said when a colder tale comes to be told:—

'Sir Joshua Reynolds was on many accounts one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portraiture he went beyond them, for he communicated to that

description of the art, in which English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

‘In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

‘His talents of every kind, powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters—his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence not to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and farewell!’

## THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

Thomas Gainsborough, the next great name in British art, was born in the year 1727 at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The memory of him as a boy was still strong in Suffolk when Allan Cunning-

ham wrote his famous *Lives of British Painters*. A beautiful wood of four miles' extent was shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny nooks inspired him, while he was but a schoolboy, with the love of art. Scenes were pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copybook with pencillings of flowers, and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy; and it is said that those early attempts of the child bore a distinct resemblance to the mature works of the man. At ten years old he had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve he was a confirmed painter. Good scholarship was under such circumstances out of the question; yet his letters at that time showed no want in the art of expressing clear thoughts and clear language. His knowledge was obtained from his intercourse with mankind, and by his spirit of ready observation he supplied the deficiencies of education.

The sketches which he made were concealed for a time: the secret, however, could no longer be kept. He had ventured to request a holiday, which was refused, and the audacious boy imposed his own penmanship on the master for the usual written request of his father of 'Give Tom a holiday.' The trick was found out; his father looked upon the simulated paper with fear, and muttered, 'The boy will come to be hanged!' But when he was informed that those stolen hours were bestowed upon the pencil, and some of Tom's sketches were shown to him, his brow cleared up, and he exclaimed, 'The boy will be a genius!'

Other stories of his early works are not wanting. On one occasion he was concealed among some bushes in his father's garden, making a sketch of an old fantastic tree, when he observed a man looking most wistfully over the wall at some pears. The slanting light of the sun happened to throw the

eager face into a highly picturesque mixture of light and shade, and Tom immediately sketched his likeness, much to the poor man's consternation afterwards, and much to the amusement of his father, when he taxed the peasant with the intention of plundering his garden, and showed him how he looked.

In 1760 he removed to Bath. He was now in the thirty-first year of his age, and his fame was in some degree established. Gainsborough gave all his time to portrait-painting, to landscape, and to music. Portrait-painting, like the poet with the two mistresses, had his visits, but landscape and music had his heart. His price for a head rose from five guineas to eight, and as his fame increased, the charge augmented till he had forty guineas for a half, and a hundred for a whole length. Riches now flowed in, for his hand was ready and diligent.

In 1774 Gainsborough went to London, took a house in Pall Mall which was built by Duke Schomberg, and removing all his paintings and drawings and musical instruments, of which he had a host, bade farewell to Bath for ever. In the metropolis he continued his career in portraiture and landscape, with fresh feeling and increasing success. His house was ample, his gallery was fit for the reception of the first in rank; and as the fame of his work had gone before him, he soon found good employment. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then high in favour, but even the rapid execution of the President could not satisfy the whole demand; and there was room for another, who to just delineation of character added a force and a freedom which approached and sometimes rivalled Vandyke. A conversation or family piece of the king, the queen, and the three royal sisters, was much admired; indeed, the permanent splendour of the colours, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him already, in

the estimation of many, a rival, and a dangerous one, for the President himself.

Gainsborough died on the 2d of August 1788. His last words were extremely characteristic: 'We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.'

Soon after his death, Sir Joshua Reynolds said of him, 'that if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire for us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough would be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art, as the first of that rising name.' Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy picture, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdael, or others of those schools, upon the whole, we may justly say that whatever he attempted he carried to a high degree of excellence.

'Nothing,' remarks one writer, 'could have enabled Gainsborough to reach so elevated a point in the art without the most ardent love for it. Indeed, his whole mind seems to have been devoted to it, even to his dying day; for then his principal regret was his leaving his art, when, as he said, he saw his deficiencies, and had endeavoured to remedy them in his last works. In the time of health he was continually referring to this subject, pointing out to those who happened to be about him whatever peculiarities of countenance, accidental combination of figures, and happy effects of light and shadow occurred, either in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If in his excursions he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting-room stumps

of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and designed them not from memory, but immediately from the object. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water, all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his art ; so that he wished to have everything embodied, as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive, and drawing fruits from every sort of occupation. He was also in the constant habit of painting by night—a practice very advantageous to an artist, for by this means he may acquire a new perception of what is great and beautiful.’

### BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West is a notable example of the fact that a happy genius is the gift of nature, but that without industry this gift would be nugatory. This great artist was born at Springfield, about ten miles from Philadelphia, on the 10th of October 1738. His parents were Quakers, but not rigid ones.

The first display of talent in the infant mind of West was curious, and still more so from it occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America, his native spot, had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print ; his pencil was of his own invention ; his colours were given to him by an Indian savage ; his whole progress was a series of invention ; and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left in charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. After some time it happened to smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced ; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, although at this period, as we have said, he had never seen a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing ; but the old lady observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and asked him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally !' and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say that, if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand ; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight.

Young West continued to make drawings with pen and ink, until camel-hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year a cousin sent him a box of colours and pencils, with several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings.

The box was received with delight, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared

a palette, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret, and for several days successively he thus withdrew, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned the neglect of school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by the sight of the performance. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede with his father to pardon him for absenting himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards, this piece, finished when the artist was in his eighth year, was exhibited in the same room with the sublime painting of 'Christ Rejected ;' and Mr. West declared that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.

These juvenile attempts led to further exertions in the same way : the boy grew up, exercised his pencil in different parts of America, and went to Italy in 1760. On his arrival at Rome, he was introduced to some eminent characters, who, wishing to see what effect the works of art which adorned the Vatican would produce on him, appointed a day for the exhibition. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view : the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, 'How much it resembles a young Mohawk warrior !' The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage ; and West, perceiving the



unfavourable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons, the elasticity of their limbs, and their free and unrestrained motions. ‘I have seen them often,’ he continued, ‘standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.’ The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

Of his claim to mix with men of genius, however, he had as yet submitted no proof; he had indeed shown his drawings to Mengs the artist, and to Hamilton, but they were, as he confessed, destitute of original merit. Nor, indeed, could they be commended for either neatness or accuracy. He waited on Lord Grantham: ‘I cannot,’ said he, ‘produce a finished sketch, like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing, but I can paint a little; and if you will do me the honour to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great kindness.’ His lordship consented, the portrait was painted, and, the name of the artist being kept secret, the picture was placed in the gallery of the Crespigni, where amateurs and artists were invited to see it. It was known that Lord Grantham was sitting to Mengs, and to him some ascribed the portrait, though they thought the colouring surpassed his other productions. Dance, an Englishman of sense and acuteness, looked at it closely. ‘The colouring surpasses that of Mengs,’ he observed, ‘but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good.’ The company engaged in the discussion; Crespigni seized the proper moment, and said, ‘It is not painted by Mengs.’ ‘By whom, then?’ they exclaimed; ‘for there is no other painter in Rome capable of

doing anything so good.' 'By that young gentleman,' said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands—the Italians ran and embraced him.

Mengs himself soon arrived : he looked at the picture, and spoke with great kindness : 'Young man, you have no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint.' He then advised West as to the course he ought to pursue ; but a dangerous illness interposed, and for a time prevented the young artist from following his sensible advice.

On his recovery, he visited Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, studiously observing the works of the great masters of the different schools. After an absence of fifteen months, he returned to Rome, and there painted a portrait which gained him so much honour, that the fame of it spread to America, and drew from his friends there letters of unlimited credit.

On the 20th of June 1763, West arrived in London. At this time he had no intention of remaining in England, nor of practising his profession for the time he stayed. By degrees he began to love the land and the people. He was introduced to Reynolds, and a letter from Mengs made him acquainted with Wilson. Intercourse with artists, and an examination of their works, awakened his ambition : he consulted no one, but took chambers in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and set up his easel. When his determination was known, his brethren in art came round him in a body, welcomed him with much cordiality, and encouraged him to continue his career as an historical painter.

The works which West at first exhibited were well received : the conception was good, and the colouring clear, and his love of serious and solemn subjects attracted the special notice of

some of the dignitaries of the Church. He painted for Dr. Newton the painting of 'Hector and Andromache,' and for the Bishop of Worcester the 'Return of the Prodigal Son.' His reputation rose so much with these productions, that Lord Rockingham tempted him with the offer of a permanent engagement and a salary of £700 a year to embellish with historical paintings his mansion in Yorkshire. West consulted his friends concerning this alluring offer: they were sensible men: they advised him to confide in the *public*; and he followed for a time their salutary counsel.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honour which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich; and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make a painting of the subject. The artist went home: it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colours, requested that the full-size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all: the munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses, and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country. His self-love, too, was offended. He dis-

regarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme, sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unaccompanied with cares, informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted at his request such a noble picture, that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The king was much interested in the story, and said, 'Let me see this young painter of yours, with his Agrippina, as soon as you please.' The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her ladyship to the house of the artist, refused to disclose either her name or condition, acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the king, and retired. She was not well away when a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with the picture of Agrippina. 'His Majesty,' said the messenger, 'is a young man of great simplicity and candour, sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private affections, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue.' Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The king received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the queen, to whom he presented the Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. 'There is another noble Roman subject,' observed his Majesty—'the departure of Regulus from

Rome. Would it not make a fine picture?' 'It is a magnificent subject,' said the painter. 'Then,' said the king, 'you shall paint it for me.' He turned with a smile to the queen, and said, 'The archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.' So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

The Society of Incorporated Artists, having become about this time the seat of contention, was dissolved, and the Royal Academy was founded. In the establishment of this institution West took a leading part, and till the period of his death he was a regular contributor to its annual exhibitions.

Among the first of West's productions to create anything like a public sensation was his 'Death of General Wolfe.' What attracted most notice in it, perhaps, was the rational innovation introduced, of painting historical persons in a modern dress. Previous to that time, historical painting had appeared in a masquerading dress: the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume was to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and in his noble work restored nature and propriety. The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots and buttons and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, buckles, and battering-rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs and the at-the-best cold approbation of the Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior in

this composition, watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry.

The death of Reynolds vacated the President's chair of the Academy, and no one then living was more worthy to fill it than Mr. West. To the choice of the Academy the king gave his ready sanction, and West took his place on the 24th of March 1792, and delivered his inaugural address to an audience which much applauded a composition which could have cost him little thought, since it dwelt but on two topics—the excellence of British art, and the gracious benevolence of his Majesty.

It must not be supposed that West enjoyed without envy the threefold blessing of magnificent subjects, high prices, and kingly favour. Barry was famishing, and his complaints were loud and eloquent. Fuseli, with all his wit, learning, and imagination, could barely live; and Opie had been taught the severe though common lesson, that nothing is so unstable as the patronage of the powerful. The very calmness and moderation with which the king's historical painter carried himself was something provoking. He went from his gallery in Newman Street, to Windsor and back again, with the staid looks of one of the brethren going to or returning from chapel. Of his importance at court, however, he was willing to speak, though in a meek and mild way; and as to high matters in general, he affected somewhat of the vague diplomatic language of official men. West had probably no state secrets to conceal: if he had, his conversation kept them a mystery.

Among his last works was 'Christ Healing the Sick.' The history of this picture deserves to be told. The Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid them in erecting an

better,' replied the artist. He was, however, treated as an impostor, and his pretensions were by some ridiculed, and by others insulted, until a gentleman who knew Barry stepped forward, and confirmed the painter's declaration.

It will probably be concluded that the evidence of the spectators of this picture affords no very correct idea of its real merit. The painting no longer remains to be evidence for itself, but the subsequent part of its history may be allowed to speak in its behalf. Although the Dublin Society had not offered any premium for painting that year, yet they voted Mr. Barry twenty pounds. The picture was shortly afterwards purchased by three distinguished members of the Irish Commons, who presented it to the House as an honour to Ireland; and it was consumed by the fire which some years after destroyed the Parliament House in Dublin.

He continued to reside for some time in Dublin. The way to fame, and perhaps fortune, lay before him. Sudden success unsettled him for a time; the fame of his work brought a crowd of those unsafe companions who clap their hands at the sight of a new favourite of fortune, and flutter about the prodigy like moths round a candle. In their company he sometimes forgot himself: he was sensible of the folly, and on his way home from a deep carouse, determined on immediate amendment. This fit of repentance found him at the side of the Liffey. He stood and upbraided his own easiness of temper, and cursed the money in his pocket as a fiend that had tempted him to the tavern. He threw his purse into the river, ran home, and resumed his interrupted studies. He afterwards related this to an outspoken friend: 'Ah, Barry, man,' said he, 'you threw away your luck—you never had either gold or good temper to spare afterwards.'

In his twenty-third year he repaired to London, on the invitation of Burke, who had taken him in hand; and in the following year the same great friend furnished him with the means of visiting Italy, where he surveyed the noble monuments of art with the eye of a critic, though, at the same time, it is to be regretted that his residence was rendered uncomfortable by that capriciousness of temper which embittered almost the whole of his life.

It was proposed during Barry's lifetime to decorate St. Paul's, but the scheme fell through. It was then suggested that the artists who were to have been engaged on that work should be employed in decorating the great room in the Adelphi, belonging to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts. This was declined by all of them except Barry, who volunteered to do the whole work gratuitously. His offer was accepted, and he has been heard to say that when he began he had only sixteen shillings in his pocket, and that in the prosecution of his labours he was often, after painting all day, obliged to sketch or engrave at night some design for the printsellers, to obtain the means of his frugal subsistence.

'Of his terms with the Society we only know that the choice of subjects was left to himself; but he soon found that he had acted too disinterestedly, and that it was impossible for him to complete his undertaking without some assistance. He therefore addressed a letter to Sir George Saville, soliciting such a subscription as would amount to £100 a year. He computed that he should finish the whole in two years, and thereby be enabled to pay back the sum of £200 by an exhibition of the paintings. This proposal did not take effect, and the work employed him seven years, at the end of which time the Society granted him two exhibitions, besides



voting him, at different periods, fifty guineas and their gold medal, to which was afterwards added another donation of 200 guineas. Of this great undertaking, consisting of a series of six pictures, representing the Progress of Society and Civilisation, it has been said that it surpasses any work which has been executed within these two centuries. No competent judge, however, can deny that it has all Barry's defects of drawing and colouring.' Barry died in 1806.

#### WILLIAM BLAKE.

Of William Blake the following notice is given by Mr. Pilkington, in his *Dictionary of Painters*:—‘On the 28th November 1757 he came into a world which sympathized but little with his fancies. He was born in London, and designed by his family for a hosier; but an ungovernable impulse drove him to the pencil while almost a boy, and the first-fruits of his talents were “The Songs of Innocence and Experience,” a work strange and beautiful, containing lyrics of great sweetness, and drawings of great beauty. To these succeeded a work equally wild and lovely, called “The Gates of Paradise,” a sort of devout dream, and which, like a holy dream, leaves impressions pleasant and abiding.

‘His pencil was now in request, and he illustrated Young’s *Night Thoughts* in a way which startled the serious; and he made designs for Blair’s *Grave* much in the spirit of that very original poem.

‘These were fanciful creations, yet full of feeling and delicacy, and, though now and then a little too mystical for the multitude, were looked on with wonder and respect by the

world. But his next work, entitled "Jerusalem," soared higher than even romantic sympathy could follow, and Blake would have been considered as visionary or mad, had he not imagined his fine designs—he called them inventions—for the Book of Job. In these he pictures the man of Uz sustaining his dignity amid the inflictions of the devil, the reproaches of his friends, and the insults of his wife. The Scripture overawed his imagination, and he was too devout to attempt more than a literal embodiment of the most wondrous history ever unfolded by genius. Blake goes step by step with the narrative, always simple, and often sublime, and never burdening the text by the exuberance of his fancy. The colours with which he gave brilliancy and effect to these conceptions are so rare and so lustrous, as to countenance the assurance of the artist that they were taught him by the spirit of a deceased brother whom he loved. But whatever world the revelation came from, the secret has perished with the artist himself, who died, without revealing it, on the 12th of August 1827, in very straitened circumstances.'

Allan Cunningham, in estimating Blake's genius, remarks that though he was the companion of Flaxman and Fuseli, and sometimes their pupil, he never attempted that professional skill without which all genius is bestowed in vain. He was his own teacher chiefly: and self-instruction, the parent occasionally of great beauties, seldom fails to produce great deformities. His works were all of small dimensions, and therefore confined to the cabinet and the portfolio. His happiest flights, as well as his wildest, are thus likely to remain shut up from the world. If we look at the man through his best and most intelligible works, we shall find that he who could produce 'The Songs of Innocence and Experience,'

'The Gates of Paradise,' and the 'Inventions for Job,' was the possessor of very lofty faculties, with no common skill in art, and, moreover, that both in thought and mode of treatment he was a decided original. But should we, shutting our eyes to the merit of these works, determine to weigh his worth by his 'Urezin,' his 'Prophecies of Europe and America,' and his 'Jerusalem,' our conclusion would be very unfavourable: we would say that, with much freedom of composition and boldness of posture, he was unmeaning, mystical, and extravagant, and that his original mode of working out his conceptions was little better than a brilliant way of animating absurdity. An overflow of imagination is a failing uncommon in this age, and has generally received of late but little quarter from the critical portion of mankind. Yet imagination is the life and spirit of all great works of genius and taste; and, indeed, without it the head thinks and the hand labours in vain. Ten thousand authors and artists rise to the proper, the graceful, and the beautiful, for ten who ascend into the 'heaven of invention.' A work, whether from poet or painter, conceived in the fiery ecstasy of imagination, lives through every limb; while one elaborated out by skill and taste only will look, in comparison, like a withered and sapless tree beside one green and flourishing. Blake's misfortune was that of possessing this gift in excess. His fancy overmastered him, until he at length confounded 'the mind's eye' with the corporeal organ, and dreamed himself out of the sympathies of actual life.

#### JOHN OPIE.

The celebrated English artist John Opie was born near Truro, in Cornwall, in 1761. He early displayed marks of

genius, but his father did his best to obliterate them by bringing him up to his own business, which was that of a master carpenter. Fortunately, however, his uncle encouraged his propensity for drawing, and Opie made up his mind to devote his life to the pursuit of art. Untaught, he gained proficiency in painting; and chance throwing him under the notice of Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), he patronized him to the full extent of his power. Lord Bateman also became one of his early patrons.

Dr. Wolcott found him labouring in a saw-pit. When he was first heard of, his fame rested on a very humble foundation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed. His answer was, 'I ha' painted Duke William from the signs, and stars and such like things for the boys' kites.' Wolcott told him some time after that he should paint portraits, as the most profitable employment. 'So I ha'; I ha' painted Farmer So-and-so, and neighbour Such-a-one, etc., wi' their wives, and their eight or ten children.' 'And how much do you receive?' 'Why, Farmer So-and-so said it were but right to encourage *genus*, and so he ga' me half a guinea!' 'Why, sir, you should get at least half a guinea for every head.' 'Oh, na! that winna do: it would ruin the country.' So strikingly humble and characteristic were the first steps of Opie.

In his twentieth year, our limner formed the resolution of visiting London, and set out for the great city under the protection of Wolcott. When he arrived there, he was presented to Sir Joshua Reynolds. He had not yet determined on having himself announced, in the blazonry of prose and verse, as the 'Wonderful Cornishman,' on whom nature had spontaneously, without study, dropped down the gifts of art. The

President received him courteously, gave him some advice, and desired to see him again.

To rise by silent and slow degrees to fame, suited ill with the rustic impatience of Opie, and worse with the vanity of Wolcott, who desired to amaze the town by proclaiming a prodigy. Peter Pindar was right for once. He took his measures, and the wealthy and titled hordes, who professed taste, and were absolute in art and literature, came swarming out to behold the 'Cornish Wonder;' for as such the patron announced the painter.

Of the success of this manœuvre, Northcote gives this graphic account: 'The novelty and originality of manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew a universal attention from the *connoisseurs*, and he was immediately surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. When he ceased, and that was soon, to be a novelty, the capricious public left him in disgust. They now looked out for his defects alone, and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten; and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street where he lived so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighbourhood, "so," as he jestingly observed to me, "that he thought he must place cannon at the door to keep the multitude off from it," he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his home had been infected with the plague. Such is the world.'

His popularity, however, was not so very brief as this description would induce us to infer. Some time elapsed before he executed his commissions. When the wonder of the town began to abate, the country came gaping in; and ere he wearied both, he had augmented the original thirty guineas

with which he commenced the adventure to a very comfortable sum ; had furnished a house in Orange Court, Leicester Fields ; and was every way in a condition to bid immediate want defiance.

The first use he made of his success was to spread comfort round his mother ; and then he proceeded with his studies, like one resolved to deserve the distinction which he had obtained. His own strong natural sense and powers of observation enabled him to lift the veil which the ignorant admiration of the multitude had thrown over his defects : he saw where he was weak ; and laboured most diligently to improve himself. His progress was great and visible to all, save the leaders of taste and fashion. When his works were crude and unstudied, their applauses were deafening ; when they were such as really merited a place in public galleries, the world resolved not to be infatuated twice with the same object, and paid him a cold, or at least a moderate, attention. ‘ Reynolds,’ says Wilton the sculptor, ‘ is the only eminent painter who has been able to charm back the public to himself after they are tired of him.’

The somewhat rough and unaccommodating manners of Opie were obstacles in his way to fortune : it required delicate feet to tread the path of portraiture ; and we must remember that he was a peasant, unacquainted with the eloquence of learning, and unpolished by intercourse with the courtesies and amenities of polite life. Of this he could learn little in his father’s cottage ; and Wolcott, whose skill lay in coarse, satirical verse, in boisterous humour, and in profane swearing, could be but an indifferent instructor. He was thrown into the drawing-room, rough and rude as he came from the hills of Cornwall, and had to acquit himself as well as he could.

When the novelty of his appearance had subsided, Opie

divided his time between his profession and the cultivation of his mind. Not being circumscribed in talents, he gained great success in various branches; and Boydell's *Shakespeare*, Macklin's *Poets*, and Bowyer's edition of *Hume* soon afforded ample scope for his abilities. Opie produced upon these occasions some of the best specimens of the English school. Among his best pictures are 'Arthur Supplicating Hubert,' 'The Death of David Rizzio,' and 'The Presentation in the Temple.' He died somewhat suddenly in the year 1807, and was interred near Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

#### GEORGE MORLAND.

After the great but dissolute genius George Morland, born in London in 1763, left his father's roof, and became his own master, his first employer was an Irishman in Drury Lane, who kept him constantly at his easel by being always at his elbow. His meals were carried up to him by the shop-boy; and when his dinner was brought, which generally consisted of sixpenny-worth of meat from a cook's shop, and a pint of beer, he would sometimes venture to ask if he might have a penny-worth of pudding. If he asked at any time for five shillings, the Hibernian would reply, 'D'ye think I'm made of money?' and give him half-a-crown. Morland, however, painted for this taskmaster pictures enough to fill a room, the price of admittance to which was two shillings and sixpence.

From this state of bondage he was released by an invitation from Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune, then at Margate, to paint portraits there for the summer season. Morland stole away

from his Irish keeper to Margate, and was there introduced to abundance of lucrative employment.

In the ensuing winter he returned to London. He was now rising so much in repute, that the prints engraved from his pictures had an unparalleled sale both at home and abroad. In a short time, so great was the demand for anything from his hand, that, though often ill paid, he could earn from seventy to a hundred guineas a week. Unfortunately, no man could be more regardless of money; and while affluence was at his command, he scarcely ever knew what it was to be out of want. He was in the constant habit of giving bills of credit; and when they became due, he rarely had the ready cash to discharge them. In order to have a note of twenty pounds renewed for a fortnight, he has been known to give a painting that has been immediately sold in his presence for ten guineas. Morland's easel was always surrounded by associates of the lowest cast—horse-dealers, boxers, jockeys, cobblers, etc. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, to allow those to pass with whom he had business, or who enjoyed his special favour. He might have been said to live in an academy in the midst of models. He would get one to stand or sit for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were regaling on gin and red herrings around him. Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the *Deserter*, a sergeant, drummer, and private, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland, seeing that these men would answer his purpose, treated them plenti-



fully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

Nature was the grand source from which Morland drew all his images. He was fearful of becoming a mannerist: with other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession; and he often declared that he would not go across the way to see the finest assemblage of paintings that ever was exhibited. He was once induced to make a journey with Mr. Ward, on purpose to view Lord Bute's collection; but having sauntered through one of the rooms, he refused to see any more, declaring that he was averse to contemplate any man's works, lest he should become an imitator.

At the death of his father, Morland was advised to claim the dormant title of Baronet, which had been conferred on one of his lineal ancestors by Charles II. Finding, however, that there was no emolument attached to it, he relinquished the distinction, observing that a 'plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have borne the vanity of a title had there been any income to accompany it, but as matters stood, he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors.'

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, the most celebrated portrait-painter of his age; was born at Bristol in 1769, and was the son of an innkeeper in poor circumstances. When but a child of six years old, he evinced remarkable aptitude and skill in taking portraits, and his father would often introduce him to the guests in the inn parlour, who were chiefly farmers of the vicinity, that he might turn his gift to profitable account. The lad was able to dash off an excellent likeness in a few minutes, and the good-natured farmers were so well pleased to have their 'pictures in little'—a luxury procurable only by the rich in those pre-photographic days—that the little artist's fees formed a considerable adjunct to his father's income. From that period until he was about eight years of age, the boy went to school, but beyond this and a few lessons in languages, his education was self-acquired.

During the few years that his father remained at Bristol, Lawrence most industriously used his privilege of admission into many of the galleries of the neighbouring gentry, to add to his artistic experience by copying the subjects which commanded his admiration; and a copy of Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' which he executed, procured him the prize of five guineas and a silver palette, from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts.

In the year 1782 he removed with his family to Bath, where he actively employed himself in taking crayon portraits. Luckily for Lawrence, not only was he a painter, but he was handsome in face and figure, attractive in manner, and cheerful and amusing in company. These advantages, coupled with his facilities for communicating pleasure by his pencil, secured

him a welcome reception in private families, and caused him to be admitted on terms of familiarity and fondness, where, without his good qualities, no professional talent would have introduced him.

When Lawrence came to London, in 1787, still but a lad of eighteen, he had no ordinary names to compete with. His opponents were such as Reynolds, Barry, Opie, and Hopner, then in the fulness of their celebrity. From 1787 to 1791, the first four years of his residence in London, the gradations of proficiency and the steps of his career are comparatively obscure. But a portrait of Miss Farren, the celebrated actress (afterwards Countess of Derby), which he painted, brought Lawrence more particularly into notice; and in 1791 he was sent to the Royal Academy, by the desire of the queen, and by direct command of the king. From that time the tide of business set in, and one happy hit led to another, till he left all competitors behind him.

He now entered upon an exceptionally brilliant career. Succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter-in-ordinary to George III., and having the patronage and friendship of the Prince of Wales, very many of the prominent men of the day sat to him. Amongst their number were Louis XVIII. and Charles X. of France, Pius VII., Cardinal Gonsalvi, Blucher, Wellington, and many members of the royal family and the nobility, besides numerous other celebrities.

Knighthood was conferred on him at the instance of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., who sat to him several times. In 1820 Lawrence was made President of the Royal Academy, being the third occupant of the chair since the foundation of that institution in 1768, and replacing Benjamin West, who had succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For many years Sir Thomas Lawrence derived from his works an income approaching the large amount of £15,000 per annum; but so eagerly did he contest the possession of any rare and valuable art productions, when occasion offered, that even this princely income was not enough for him. And true as it is that the value of the collection which he had formed was estimated, after his decease, at £50,000, he nevertheless died in straitened circumstances. His death occurred in 1830, and his memory was honoured by his being buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

### JOSEPH TURNER.

The most distinguished English landscape painter, Joseph Turner, was born in 1769. His father was a hairdresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, who gave him an ordinary education. In his earliest years he exhibited a marked predilection for drawing and colouring.

From the outset of his career he was diligent in the pursuit of his profession, and soon began to turn it to profitable account. It is said that he used to exhibit his juvenile performances for sale in the windows of his father's shop; that he was employed to colour prints for Raphael Smith, the engraver, and to wash in backgrounds for the architects, a practice more resorted to half a century ago than in our day.

'Even at this early time,' remarks one of his biographers, 'and under such unpromising circumstances, there was an originality in his work. We are told that he was employed by a Mr. Dobson, an architect, to colour the perspective front of

a mansion, and that in putting in the windows, Turner showed the effect of reflected light from the sky contrasting with the inner dark of the room on the uneven surface of the panes. This was a new treatment, and his employer objected to it, declaring that the work must be coloured as usual—that is, the panes an unvarying dark grey, the bars white.

“It will spoil my drawing,” objected Turner.

“Rather that than my work,” answered the architect; “I must have it done as I wish.”

‘Turner doggedly obeyed, and, when he had completed the work, left his employer altogether.’

The sequel of the story is curious. Some time afterwards, it occurred to the architect to try a drawing on the principle he had disapproved, and remembering Turner’s work, he coloured it nearly the same. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and accepted, and was so much admired by Smirke that he sought the acquaintance of Dobson, which led to a union between the families. So much for genius in the mere colouring of a window.

‘To us,’ says Mr. Redgrave, ‘one of Turner’s most poetical works is the “Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,” which he exhibited in 1819.

‘Far in the east the morning is breaking; the horses of the chariot of the sun spring wildly upwards with the “car of day;” the luminary is just rising above the blue hills that bound the ocean’s shore, flinging a fan of radiant beams up the vault of heaven, whose arch is underhung with fleecy clouds. Here and there are openings in the far blue depths beyond, and, flitting like birds with golden plumage athwart the space, are severed cloudlets tipped with the gold and purple hues of morn.

‘On the other side of the picture, the gilded galaxy in which

the hero and his friends escape is just standing out of a little dark cove in the mountain chain. Ulysses is on the poop, with hands uplifted, shouting derisively to the blinded giant, while his companions, thickly clustered on mast and yard, unfurl in haste the vast sails; and one by one the red oars are thrust forth from the vessel's burnished sides, ready to sweep away from the inhospitable shore, and out of reach of the missiles the monster may hurl after them. The undulating sea, dyed by the rising sun to golden green, reflects on its burnished waves the galley, with its flags and pennons, the brawny sailors and the creamy sails. The nymphs of the ocean sympathize with the island hero, and gambol round the vessel's prow, while shoals of flying-fish herald his way from the dangerous shore.

' On the beach he has left the fires still burning in which the sharpened stake was heated, and far above, on a steep promontory of rock, the wounded monster, dimly seen, large in the purple mists of morn, "lies many a rood," bellowing and writhing in his anguish, so that the ravines echo to his groans. The snowy mountains, whose tops are mingled with the amber sky, shake with the sound, and roll their avalanches to the plains below.

' It is impossible to go beyond the power of colour here achieved; it is on the very verge of extravagance, but yet is in no way gaudy. How near it is, is seen in any attempt to copy the picture: such copies are more surely failures than those from any other of the painter's works. The mere handling is a marvel: the ease and freedom of the work, the thick impaste of tints that are heaped on the upper sky, making the lower parts recede in true perspective to the rising sun; the grand way in which the vessel moves over the "watery floor;" the

dream-like poetry of the whole, make up a picture without a parallel in the world of art.'

'Turner's art,' observes the same writer in his *Century of Painters*, 'even at the time when he finished his works most, differed entirely from the pre-Raphaelite school and its theorists. They seek the whole by a gradual agglomeration of parts painted imitatively, bit by bit, while he treated his work from the beginning as a whole, adding just as much detail in the parts as was consistent with the general effect, and that sense of *mystery* which he ever studied to preserve.

'The wonderful industry of Turner is apparent even from his exhibited works. Rodd, who published in 1856 a catalogue of the paintings painted by Turner and exhibited at the Royal Academy, gives a list from 1787 to 1850 of 259 pictures; to which he adds 16 more, exhibited between 1806 and 1846 at the British Institution,—making in all 275 pictures. This, which might well represent the whole life of an ordinary man, was but a fraction of Turner's labours. How many fine easel pictures by him were never exhibited! and how shall we estimate the addition which should be made to the list by the drawings made solely for the engraver? In 1808 he commenced his first work in this class, pitting himself against Claude in his *Liber Studiorum*; and from that time his engagements with publishers never ceased,—his *Southern Coast Scenery*, his *England and Wales*, *Rivers of England*, *Rivers of France*, Rogers' *Italy*, Rogers' *Poems*, etc.'

THE END.

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